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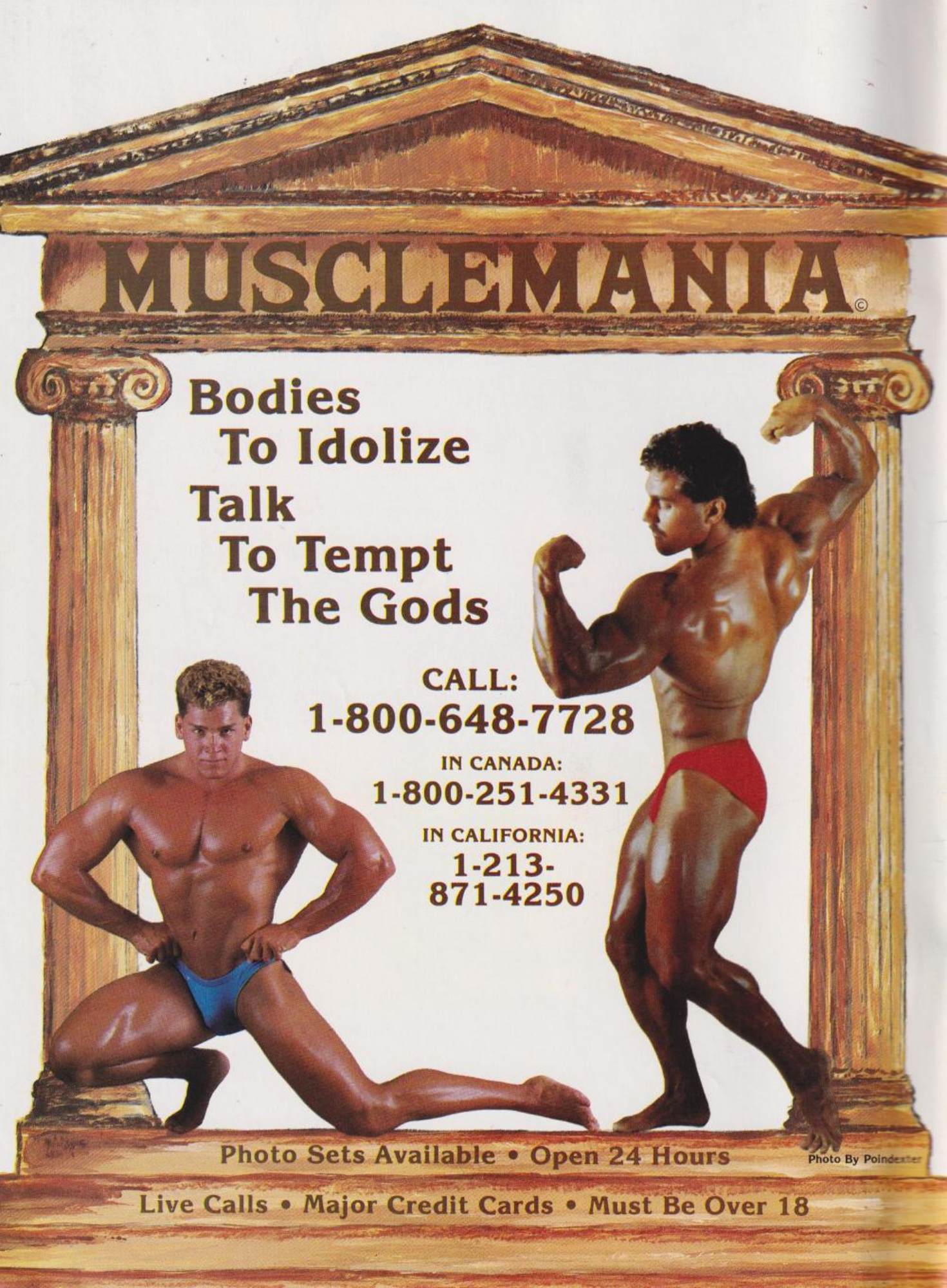
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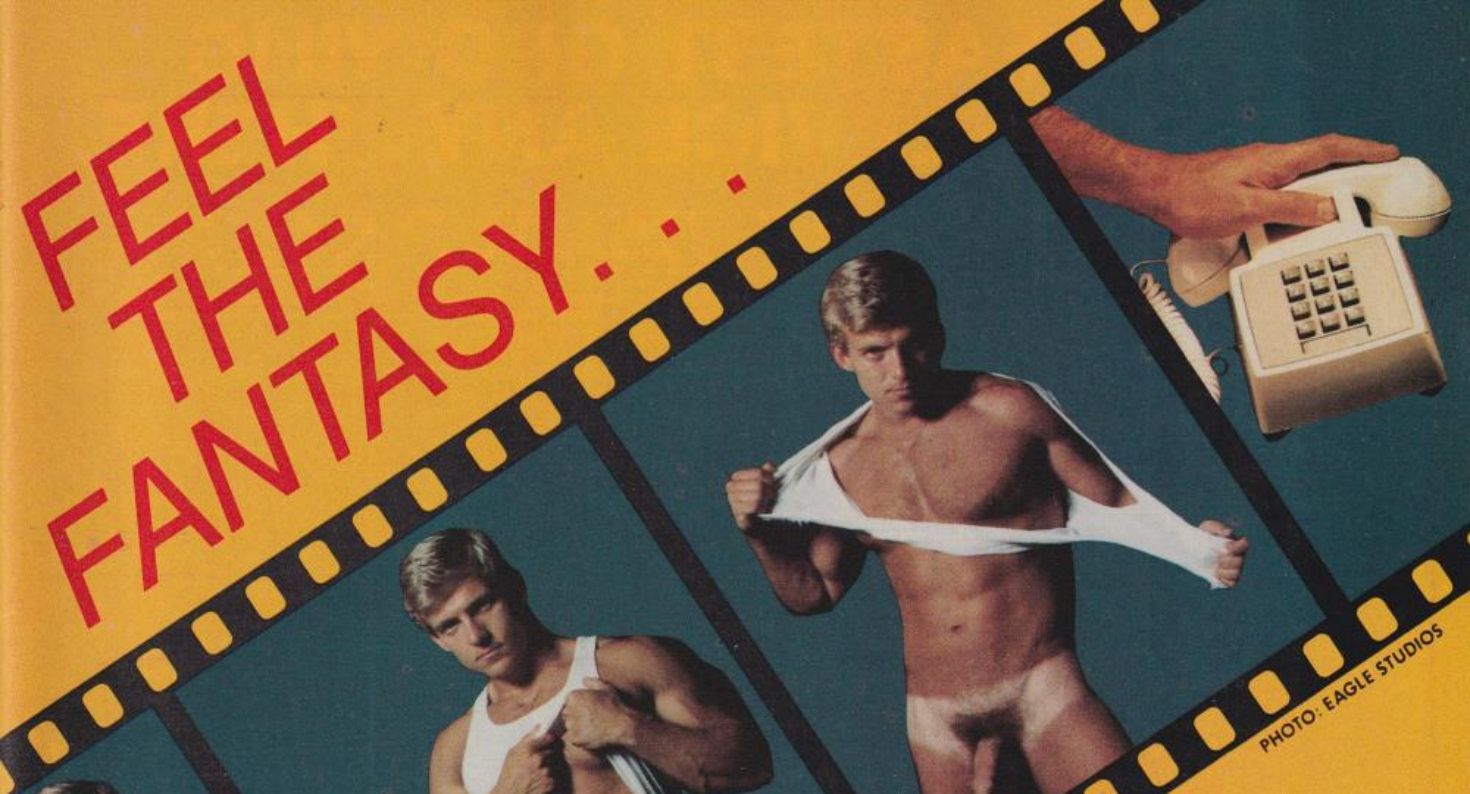

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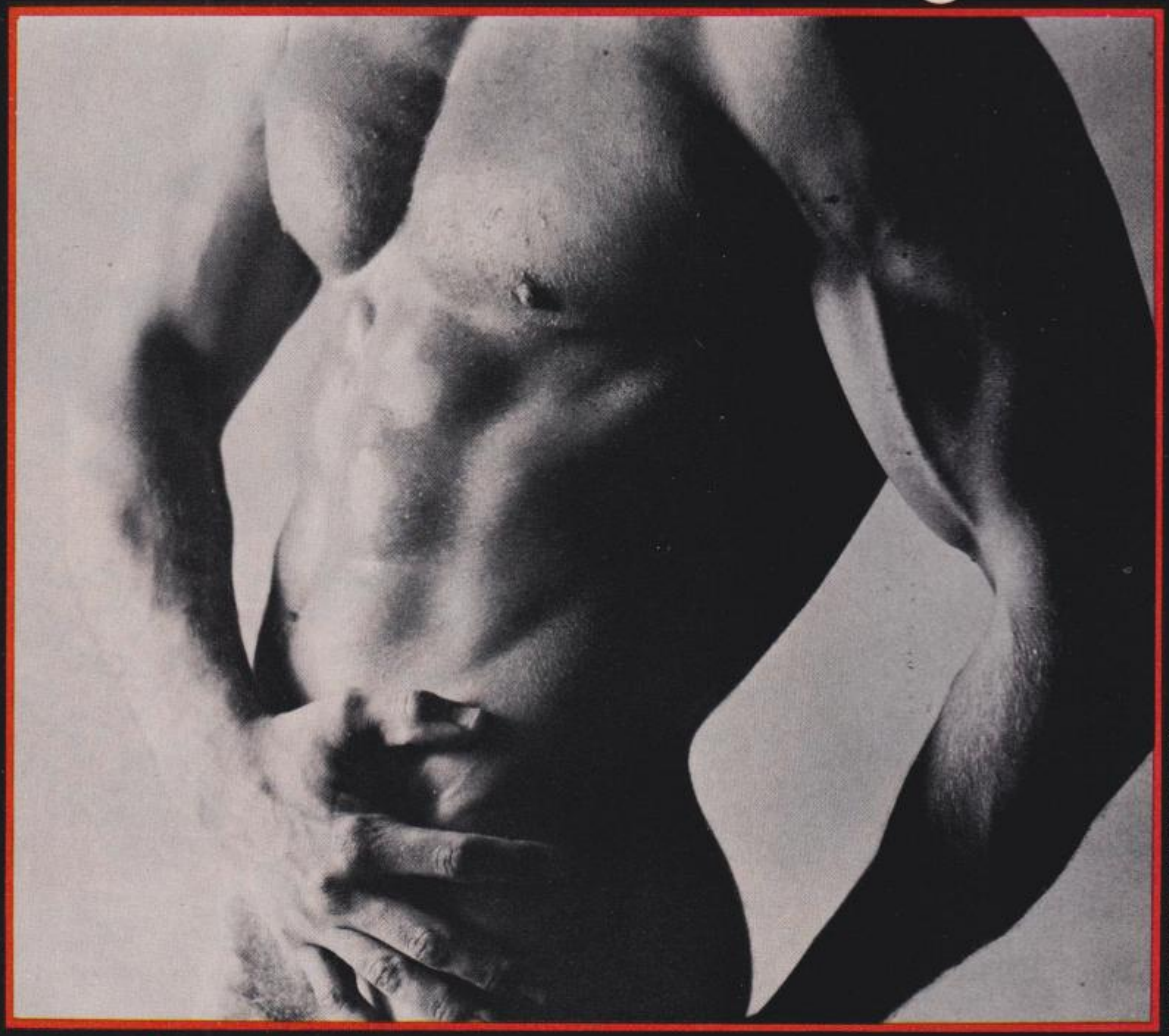

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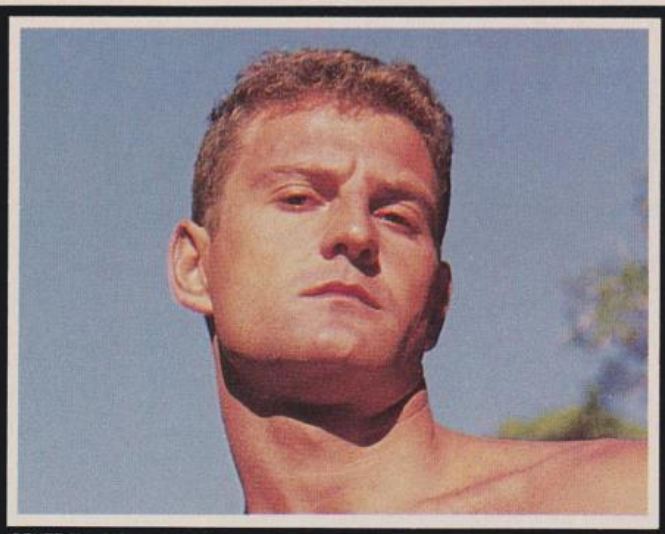

COVER BY KRISTEN BJORN

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COCK CHAMPIONSHIP

Text and Art by R.A. Shultz

Boner Traub cherished the freedom of his nomadic life on the road, but once a year he joined up with a bunch of other brawny RVers who, like himself, shunned all forms of society not composed of hot-blooded roving young studs. Boner rode shotgun when he was part of this itinerant band: bringing up the rear of the caravan, making sure that everyone was present and accounted for, his eyes and ears ever alert for state troopers, or local roughnecks who might think acts of hostility would go unpunished.

It's quite a sight to see, this snakelike procession of rugged men driving everything from luxurious Winnebagos to converted buses, pick-up campers, five-wheelers, station wagons, jeeps, and motorcycles—anything that qualifies as a recreation vehicle or its auxiliary. In recent years this unique roundup of hot men-on-wheels has taken hold of a special breed of rural gay men; it's becoming as much an American phenomenon as the Conestoga wagon trains of the early pioneers.

Boner had gotten his nickname for obvious reasons back in grade school. There was no way to keep that big dick down on this over-sexed farmboy. Just walking along the rutted dirt roads in the morning gave him a full-blown erection that lasted all the way to school.

His mother died when he was 19. In his sorrow, Boner's father took to the bottle; five months later he burned down the barn, and himself in it, during an alcoholic blackout. Boner, an only child, was also the last male in the bloodline. The farm had been in the family for three generations, but Boner didn't give it a backward glance. He had always had the urge to travel, free and unanchored like a gypsy. The big syndicates were buying up small family farms left and right, so he sold out. He put most of the money in a trust fund, and with the rest he bought himself a rig, a motorcycle, and all the equipment he would need. He then hit the road in style.

* * *

Gideon Locke, unlike Boner Traub, was on the road out of necessity. He was still black-and-blue in some places where his daddy—a mean-spirited, Bible-spouting born-again Christian—had beaten him within an inch of his life. Gideon caught the swine in the act of molesting his 15-year old sister, Betty Sue, in the hayloft of their barn. Twenty years of servitude and suppressed mutiny erupted in rage as he charged in with every intention of killing his father. But in spite of his youth and his well-muscled body, he was no match for the older man, a veritable giant, who left him to die in an open field.

Betty Sue, after dragging her unconscious brother to the deserted woodshed on a neighbor's farm, nursed Gideon back to life. When he was strong enough to walk, she brought him a knapsack filled with the barest necessities and all the money they had managed to stash away in their secret hiding place.

"You get as far the hell away from Texas as possible," she told him. "When you're set up in a job, send me a bus ticket and I'll come to you. He's been hittin' on me since I was 12 and none of you was ever the wiser. Don't worry about me none, I

The two wrestlers began to circle one another warily. Boner looked every inch the champion gladiator, while Caesar was the personification of the hairy ape.

can handle him. The only way to help is to go and do like I say."

Reluctantly, Gideon struck out for California, or wherever the kindness of strangers might take him, as long as it was far away from the Lone Star state. Private cars that seemed about to stop would quickly resume cruising speed when they got a glimpse of his black eye and swollen jaw. It was mostly good-natured truckers who took pity on him, but he found himself doing a lot of walking between rides.

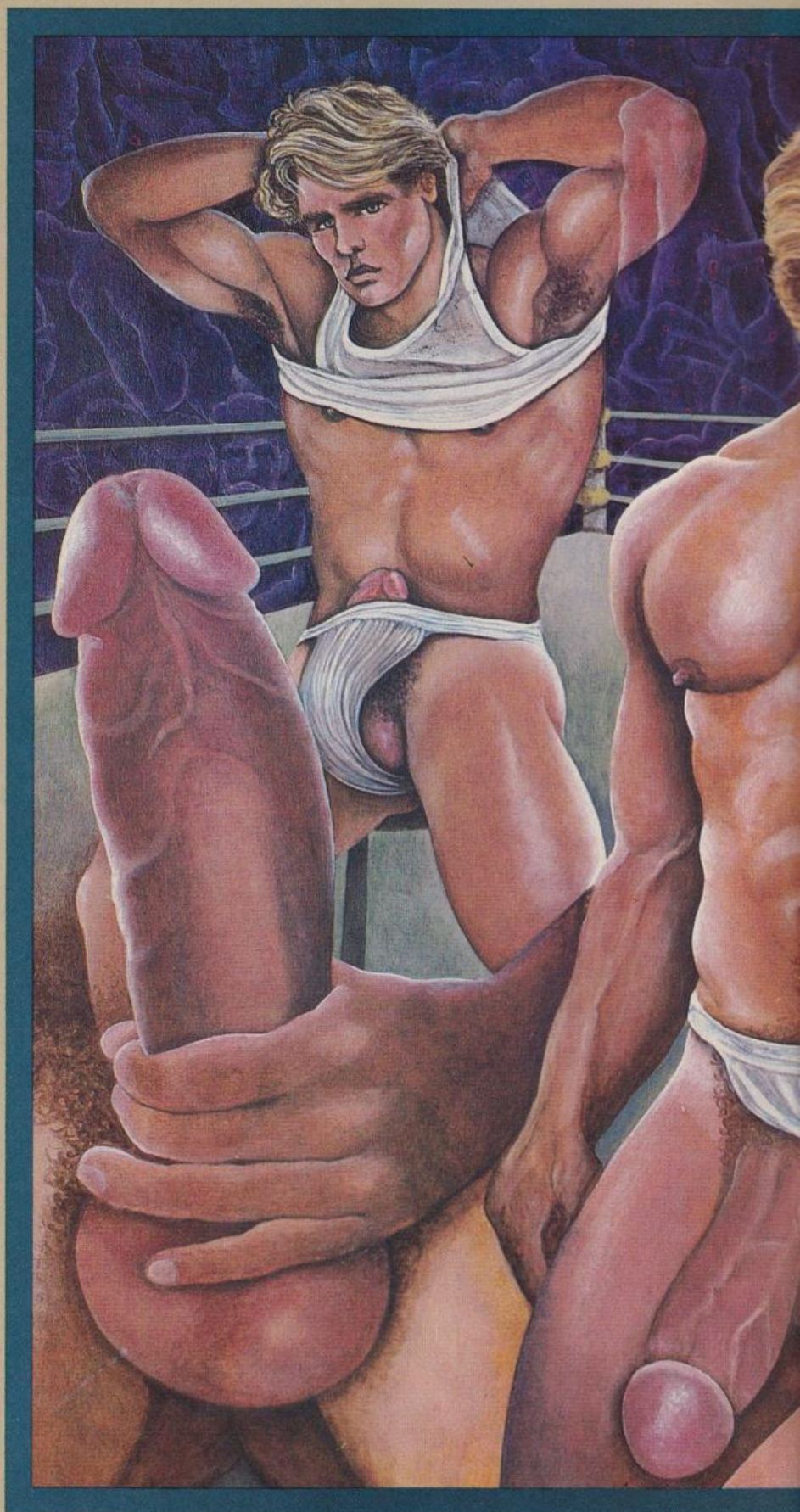
He had been on the road ten days when a black van with a raised fiberglass roof picked him up a few miles north of Carlsbad, New Mexico. Gideon was sweaty and covered with dust, and his hair was a tangled mess. He couldn't even remember what day it was, but his face was practically back to normal. He hopped in gratefully beside the big hairy gorilla leering at him from behind the wheel.

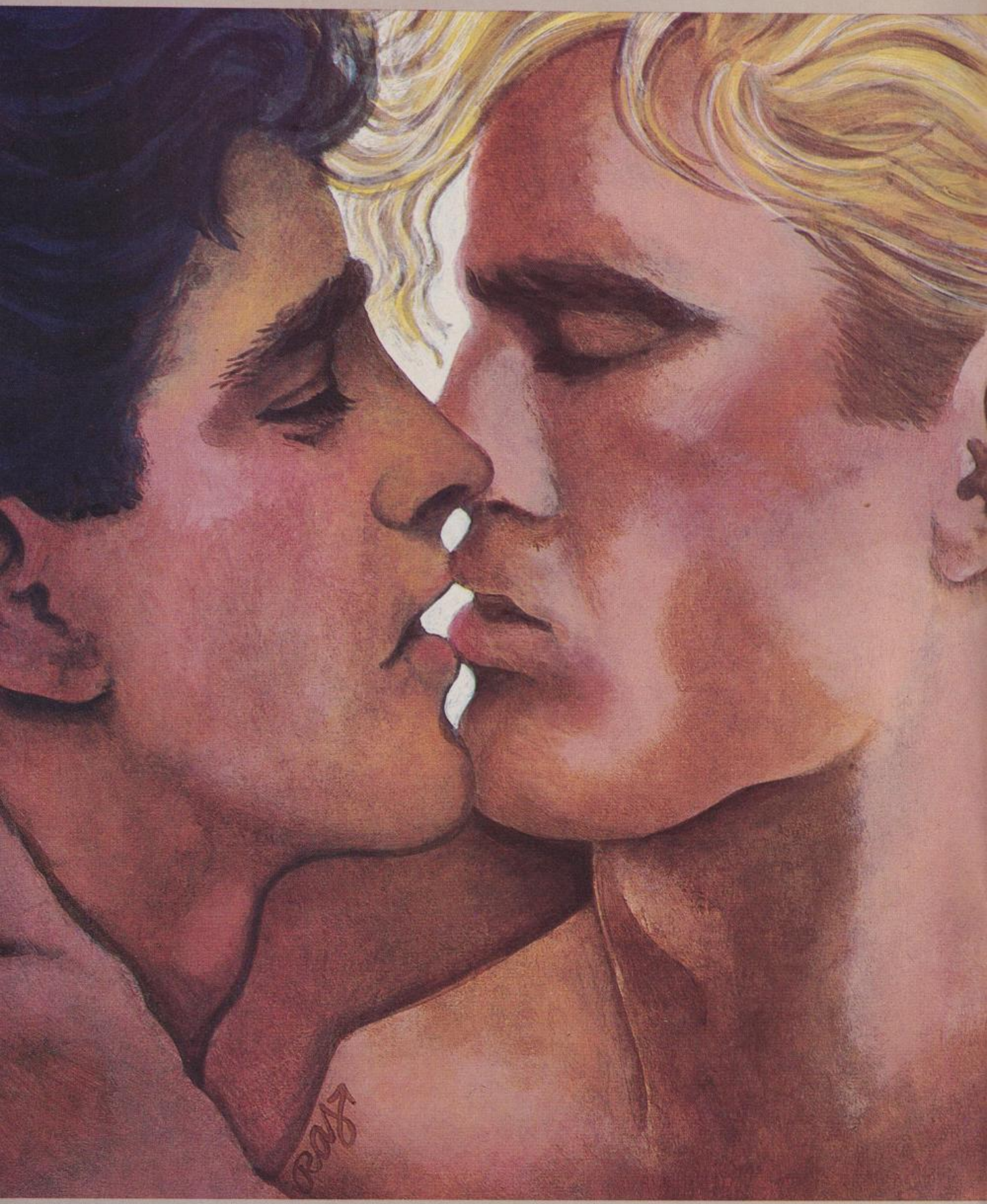
* * *

The caravan stopped to gas up on the outskirts of Roswell, New Mexico. Ned Land, the wagon boss, wanted to make camp early so that the men would have plenty of time to get a good workout for the big games scheduled the day after they were to reach their destination, the Rafters. This is a huge barn capable of holding a considerable crowd. It is located in the center of a secluded farm not far from Herkimer, Kansas. Boner selected the site partly for the obscurity of its location, but mainly because he knew the area like the back of his hand, including one very influential lawman—just in case there was any trouble.

"Why don't you replace the advance scout this afternoon, Boner, since you know this territory so well?" Ned asked. " 'The Jolly Roger' can handle the caboose position from inside your Winnebago for the last leg today. If there's any trouble he can get me on your C.B."

"That suits me fine, man. It gets pretty claustrophobic back there—and you know me—I live for the open road."





Land and 'The Jolly Roger' were partners in the shiny aluminum Airstream leading the convoy. Roger was a handsome black auto-mechanic, as happy-go-lucky as his nickname implied. Whenever Boner rode shotgun, Roger took over the wheel of his rig so that Boner could have the maneuverabilty he needed on his bike.

Boner waved goodbye, then barreled off down the highway in a cloud of dust. He was out of sight before the convoy resumed its journey.

* * *

The driver of the black van was an obnoxious Goliath, built like a wrestler and reeking of whiskey. GOD IS MY CO-PILOT, the reverse lettering of a decal proclaimed from the dirty windshield; a wooden crucifix swung from the rearview mirror, and the floor around Gideon's feet was littered with empty beer cans and whiskey bottles. The driver appeared to be in his late twenties, but there was so much hair on his face it was hard to tell. He drove recklessly at breakneck speeds; when he wasn't spitting tobacco juice out the window, he was staring at Gideon's crotch. He exuded belligerance and seemed always to be looking for a way to provoke an argument.

"D'ya go in fer rasslin,' pretty boy?"

"Yeah, sort of. Collegiate, not professional though," Gideon answered.

"*Collegiate*! Well, lah-de-dah! You sure are one helluva intellectual, ain'tcha?"

There was about 20 years difference between Gideon's daddy and this man; and although the former rarely touched a drop of alcohol, something told Gideon that they were cut from the same cloth.

"I'll bet the girls all love that pretty face and your long black hair when it's nice and clean and shiny, don't they, doll face?" Gideon pulled away and winced in pain as the big man stroked his bad jaw with the back of his hairy fist.

"Whatza matter with *you*, ya goddamned faggot? Can'tcha take a joke?"

"Listen Mister, I think I'd better get out, if you don't mind."

"Oh, so ya wanna walk, izzat it. If I don't mind? Let's see how good ya can walk after I get finished with you, ya fuckin' collegiate fairy!" he roared.

The van sped off onto a side road, brakes screeching; before Gideon could open the door, a hairy arm clutched him around the throat, cutting off his wind. The man then threw him savagely into the rear of the van, onto a malodorous mattress. He yanked Gideon's pants down below his knees, ripped his jockey shorts off, and raped him.

When it was all over, the big bruiser threw Gideon out of the van, emptied the contents of his knapsack to see if it contained anything of value, and thundered back towards the highway.

His attacker had opened up the worst of the old wounds and inflicted a few new ones. All at once Gideon remembered the date: it was his birthday. As he lay there in the middle of nowhere, his body wracked with pain, all the tears he had fought back for years started flowing across his grimy cheeks and onto the desert sand beneath his face.

* * *

Boner leaned against the take-out window of the Roadside Oasis, waiting patiently for the effeminate heavyset man behind the counter to look his way. The man remained motionless, staring fixedly at the front of the entrance, his face screwed up in a nasty frown.

A tall, disheveled young man limped through the doorway, dropped onto the first round stool, propped his elbows on the counter, and rested his weary head. Finally, the proprietor turned around and glared at him.

The poor bastard, Boner thought. That sadistic old eunuch is setting him up—draining every bit of drama from every moment just because he's got an audience.

"Oh *no* you don't! I can't *possibly* serve you," he screeched in a shrill falsetto as Gideon reached for the menu. "You're in *no* condition..."

"The gentleman is with me!" Boner's voice boomed across the diner making everyone jump, including Gideon Locke.

"Well *look* who's here! And when did *you* blow into the oasisss?" The old queen left a trail of sibilants as he minced over for a closer inspection.

"Looks like the milk of human kindness has gone sour in those flabby tits of yours, Tallulahballs," Boner muttered sotto voce. "Now why don't you just fix up some bacon 'n eggs, some toast 'n coffee for my friend over there, and quit play-acting. After that, you can haul your fat ass outside and fill my tank. There's a convoy of hot-lookin' dudes headed this way and you won't see a dime of their money if you don't make it snappy! Comprende?"

"Your wish is my command, Big Boy. Where've you been hiding your gorgeousness? Mickey! Gasssss!"

The dishwasher hastily dried his hands and rushed out to the pumps. When Boner was satisfied that Tallulahballs had a decent meal underway, he strolled across the room and sat down next to Gideon.

"I wanna thank you for what you just did. I'm mighty obliged. I've still got some

Continued to page 28

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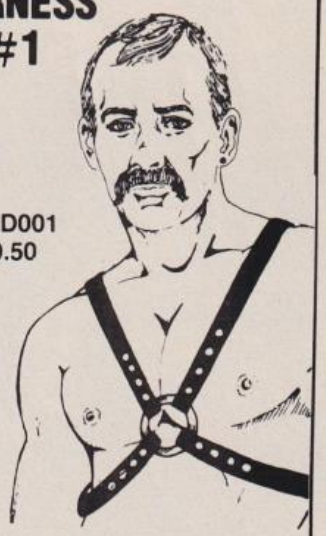

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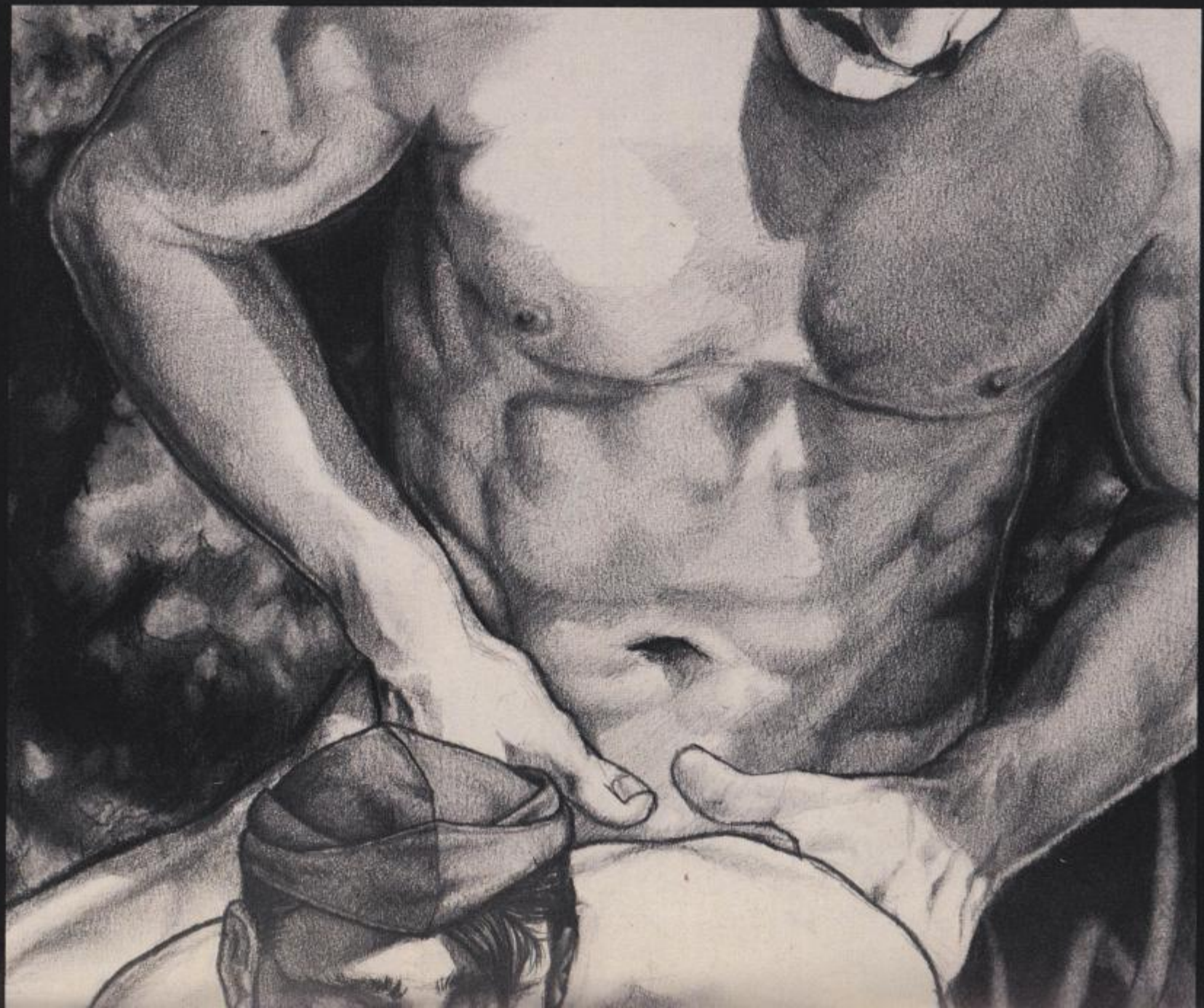


DREAMING OF MR. JIM

by Vann Turner • Art by W. Barrette

In the moonlit quadrant before him nothing moved. Sergeant Jack Rossi let the binoculars fall to his chest with a thud and wiped his sun-and-wind-cracked lips with the back of his hand. Then with his index finger he traced a scar over his left lip—a heroic reminder of a night he had gone queer-bashing back in Pittsburgh.

For four days now, ever since they had landed in Lebanon, he and his team—Corporal John Simmonds and Lance Corporal Ted "Bear" McKee—had established radio communications every four hours to report the status of the red sand, the stones, and the imaginary boundary between Lebanon and Syria. It was always the same—nothing.

To his left, for the second night, Sergeant Rossi could see orange puffs and red glows—gun bursts and burning buildings. No sound accompanied the fires. On hill Charlie-Tree, it was

"Don't touch me!" he bellowed. "Are you a fag? A mother-fucking fag? Do you want what I got? Well, take a look at what I've got."

quiet as a nun's sleep.

Bored and restless, Rossi sat down on a pile of sandbags, drank from his canteen, took out a pack of cigarettes, looked at them, then put them away again—smoking was against regulations. Then he had to piss. He hoisted himself out of the trench and walked a few yards. Even soft his cock was more than a handful. He pulled the foreskin back and directed the stream to a stone the size of a man's head. In the silence he listened to the splashings and watched the earth around the stone darken. His cock began to harden as he remembered another night of pissing...

That night, a man cowered at Rossi's feet on the cobblestones. Across the river, the steel mill spewed orange into the sky. Rossi looked at his prey: stripped of his fancy sweater and slacks, he looked like anyone Rossi could have sparred with at Raleigh's Gym and Boxing Club. But then he remembered that the everyday guy cringing at his feet was no everyday guy. Rossi flicked the cigarette ashes onto the fag's chest and kicked him. He downed his beer and tossed the can. As it rolled, the clamor echoed down the alley. Rossi unzipped his fly. His meat hung down between his spread legs, with the cockhead protruding from the foreskin. As Rossi pissed in the man's swollen eyes, across his chest, and over his hardening cock, the man writhed. The only sound was the splashing and the contented, degraded moans of the man straining to gulp the yellow water.

Rossi squeezed the last drops out of his dick and zipped it away. Then he turned back to the trench.

Before him, a helmeted form.

Rossi recoiled, unslung his M16, paused, and strode angrily ahead.

"What the hell you doing here, Simmonds?"

"Sorry, Sarge, I..." Corporal Simmonds tried to explain.

"Lurking around like a fag in a tearoom, huh?"

"No, Sarge, I brought you a cup of coffee." Simmonds offered the canteen cup.

"I don't want it. You could have said something."

"You were busy."

"Next time you're watching me take a piss, say something. You could have gotten yourself killed, Corporal," Rossi said and looked at his watch. "Why aren't you sleeping? You've got over an hour yet."

"Have you ever tried to sleep with McKee snoring?"

"Better get used to it."

"The CIA should seize him for their interrogations. You know, torture them with lack of sleep," Simmonds said, his head tilted slightly.

"McKee can't help his snoring, Simmonds. I would like that coffee now. Thanks. Do me a favor, Simmonds. Go easy on McKee. You know, Bear—McKee—is kinda simple. He's been in the Corps for nine years—I've only been in for five. He's made Lance Corporal, and the joke about him being a Lance Corporal for the next eleven years is probably true. So don't ride 'im. Okay?"

For the next 20 minutes the two men sat in the trench on top of hill Charlie-Tree and talked like older and younger brother at the kitchen table.

As Rossi walked back to the bombed-out farmhouse, he tried to determine what it was in the newly assigned Corporal he didn't like. Maybe it was just mannerisms—possibly how, when he spoke, Simmonds tilted his head to one side or the other, like a puppy; or maybe it was the hunger in his eyes which seemed to poke around in Rossi's soul. Sure, back in garrison, he had seen Simmonds hit homers and field the ball with the best of them. There was something, though, maybe, that wasn't an everyday guy. Maybe he had had a pampered life. Maybe he was a milk-sop fag and didn't belong in the Corps. There was something Rossi didn't like. He would sleep on it.

The next morning Rossi yelled across the room to wake McKee, then propped himself against the wall and leafed through *Penthouse*. As McKee was tying his boots, Rossi asked him what he thought of Simmonds.

"He's a nice guy, Sarge. He's gonna write a letter to my Mom for me."

"If he's a guy," Rossi muttered, turning the page to a clit shot.

"Huh?"

"Nothing, Bear."

As McKee left to assume his shift on guard duty, Rossi went out back. The mid-morning sun had already heated the water in the metal drum. Barefoot and shirtless, a towel around his neck, Rossi shaved, then stripped and poured a bucket of warm water over his head. He lathered; his muscles were taut under his hand. He liked the feel of his flesh and usually took longer washing than necessary. As he picked up his gear and his M16, he glanced at the farmhouse and glimpsed Simmonds ducking behind the wall. Rossi snorted. Instead of putting on his fatigue pants, he pulled on his green jockstrap and lay on the smooth rock a little north of the barrel, as he did every day.

Before the sun had begun to draw his sweat, he heard Simmonds washing and then stretching out beside him. Rossi thought that strange: on the other days here at outpost Charlie-Tree, Simmonds had crawled into his sleeping bag when he got off duty. Rossi lifted his head to see if the Corporal had brought his M16. He had. Maybe he was just a puppy, and a little lonely.

They lay in the sun without speaking. Rossi was just dozing off as a foot brushed his. He jerked his foot away. Moments later a finger grazed his thigh. He inched away. Again a foot brushed his. He jumped up, muscles tensed, glaring down.

"Don't touch me!" he bellowed. "Are you a fag? A mother-fucking fag? Do you want what I got? Is that it? Well, take a look at what I've got." With a single motion he pulled off his jockstrap, tossed it aside, and stood astride Simmonds.

"No, Sarge, I. . . I. . ." Simmonds stuttered.

"Shut up! Just lie there and look what's standing over you."

Simmonds obeyed. He looked upward into burning eyes. By his glowering, Rossi forced Simmonds' gaze downward. Rossi ran his hand over his nipples and his black chest hair. Simmonds' gaze descended even further, following the hair as it tapered to a single line and got lost in a black jungle. And lower yet to the dick that hung below the tangle. Simmonds closed his eyes and turned his head.

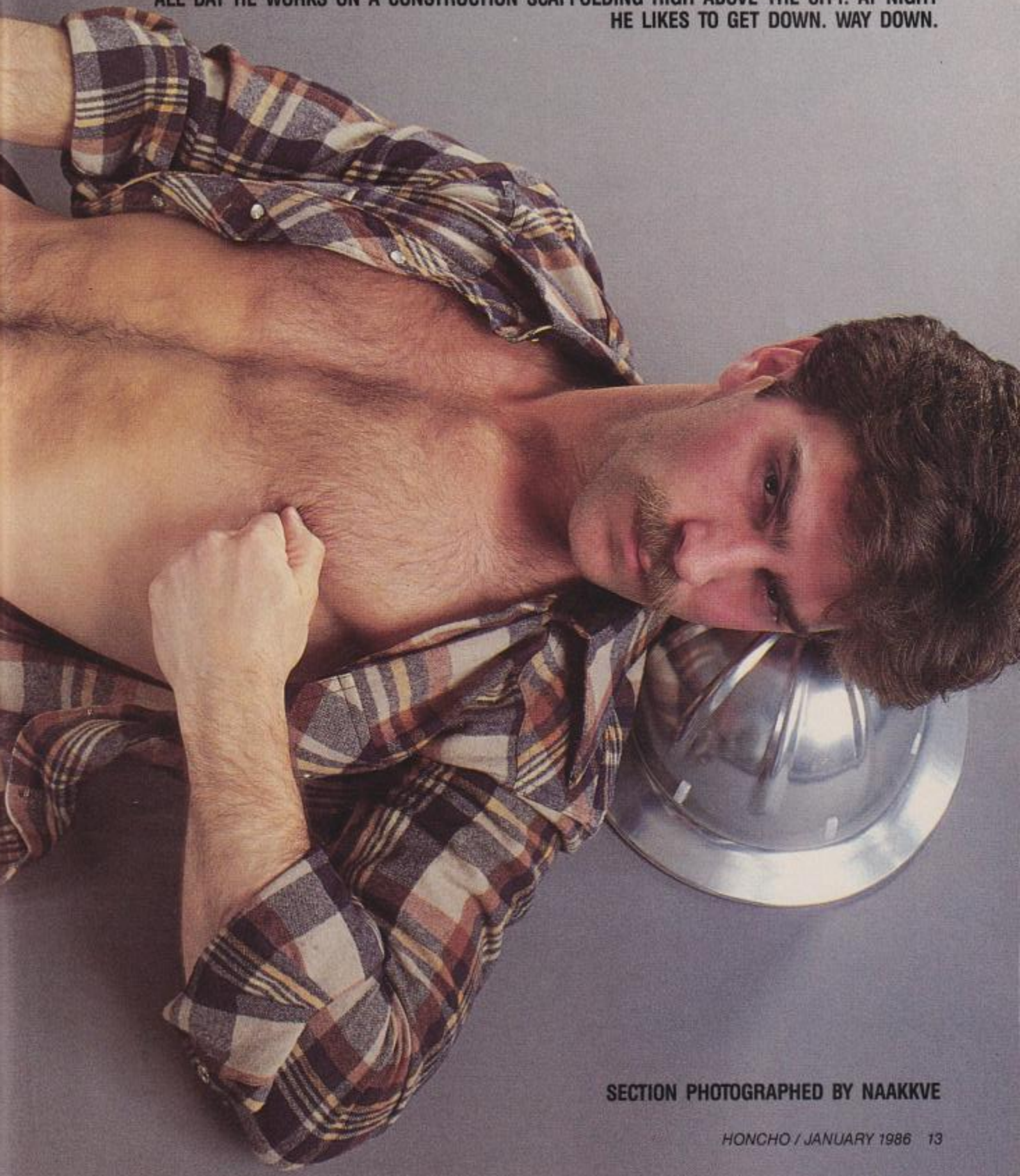
"Look at me," Rossi demanded. "Damn it, look at me!"

Again Simmonds obeyed, with his jaws tightly clenched. Again his eyes could not endure Rossi's stare; they descended over the naked flesh and

Continued to page 57

FLOORED

ALL DAY HE WORKS ON A CONSTRUCTION SCAFFOLDING HIGH ABOVE THE CITY. AT NIGHT HE LIKES TO GET DOWN. WAY DOWN.



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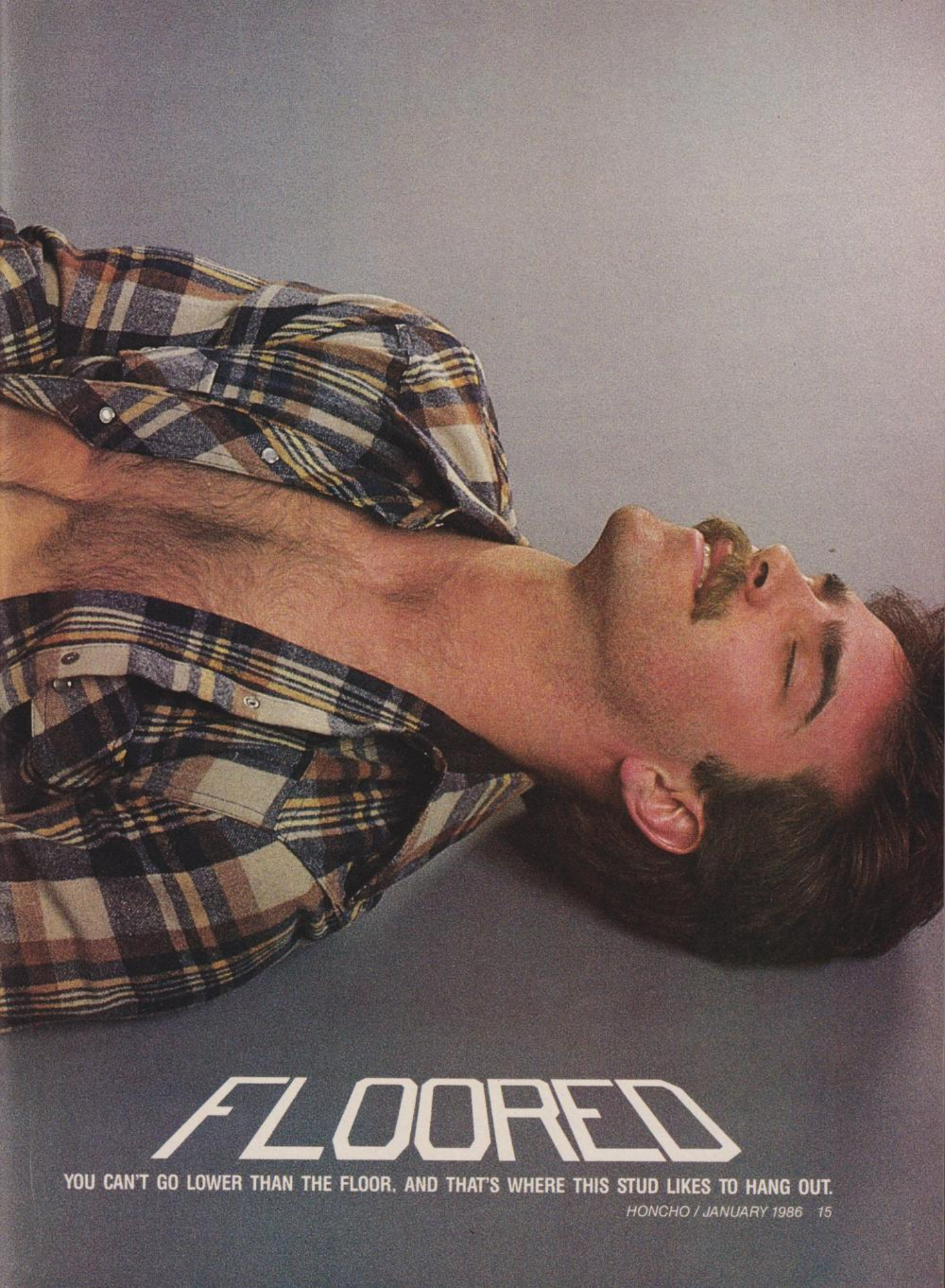
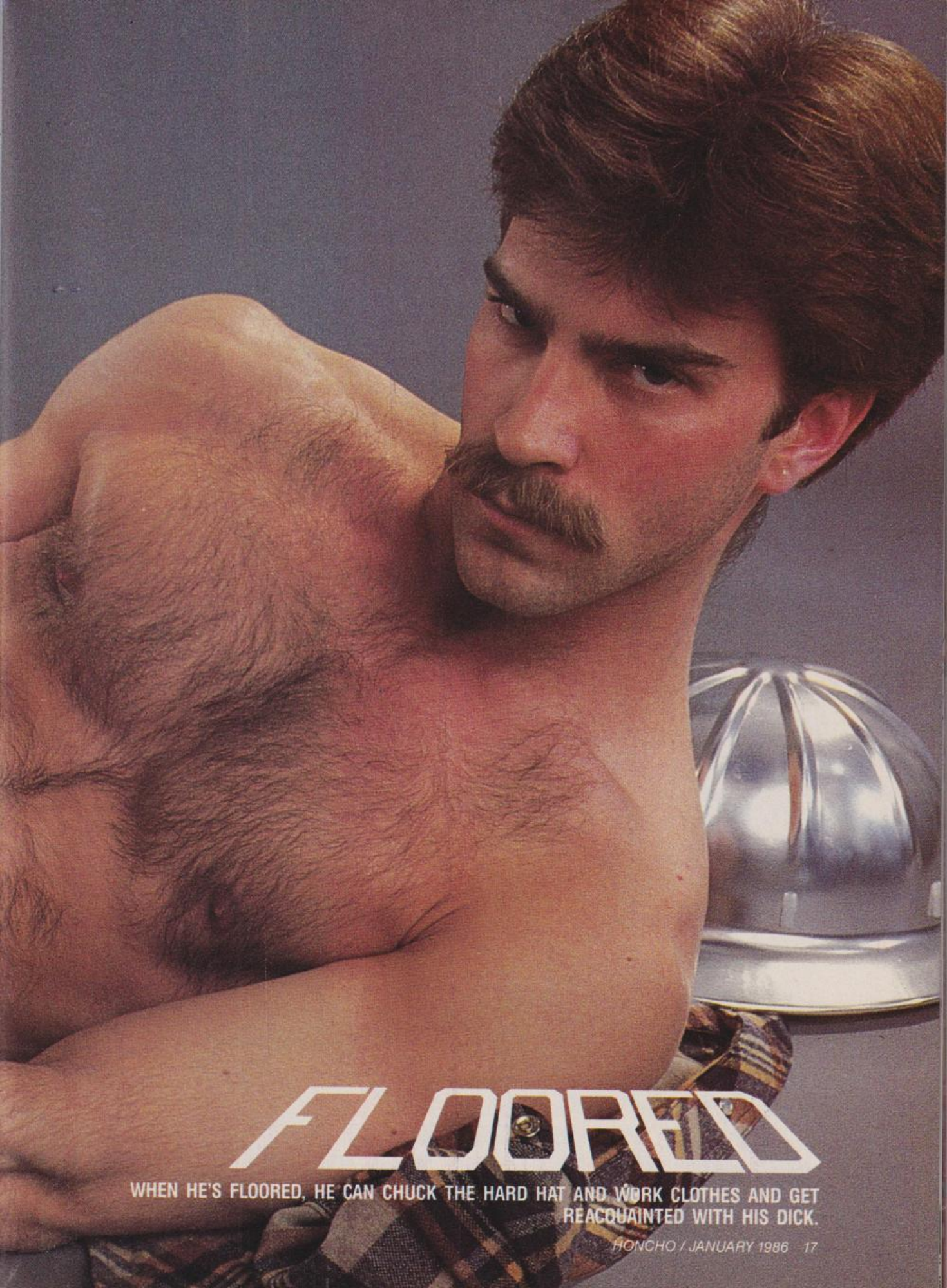


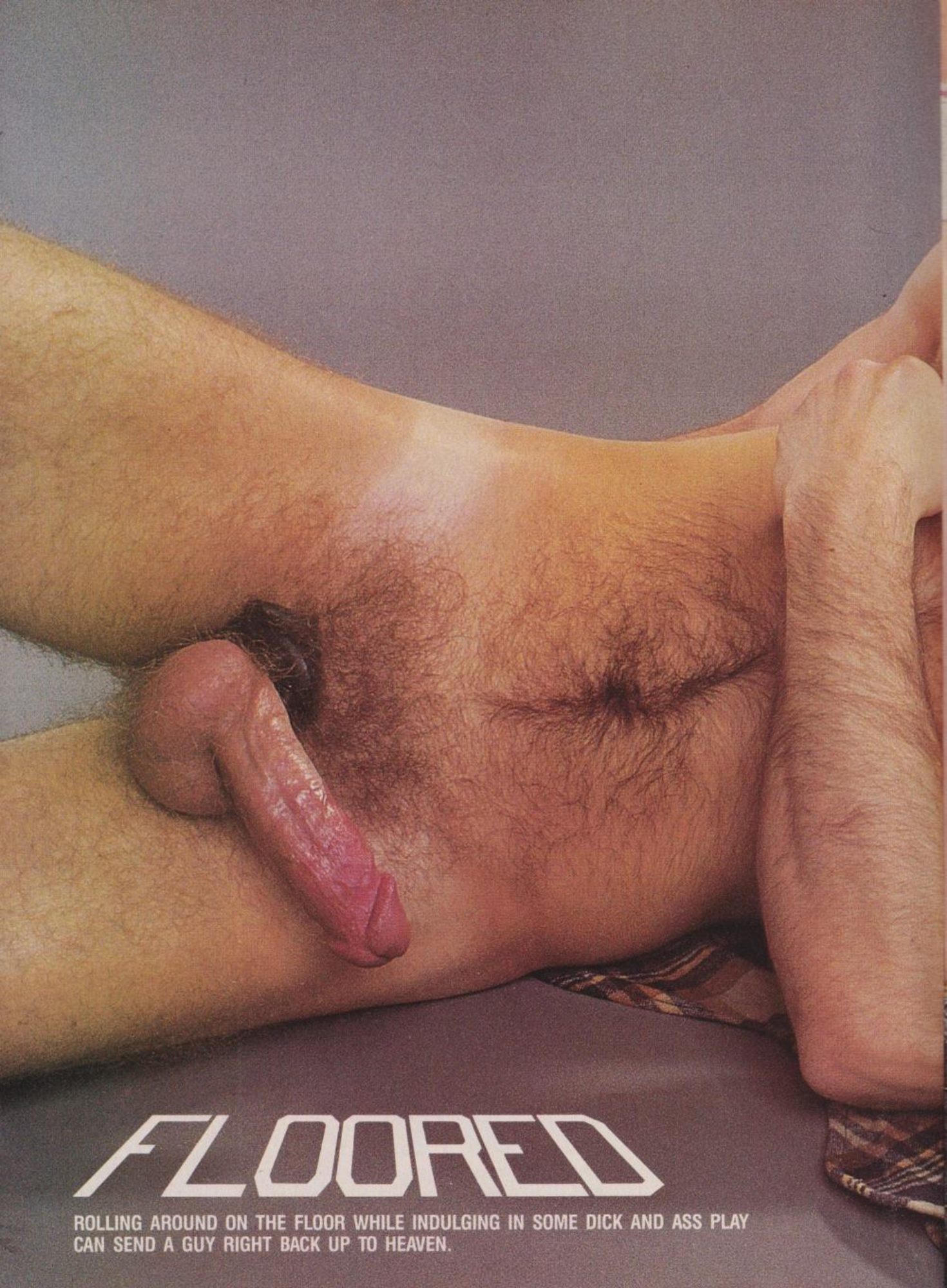
FLOORED

YOU CAN'T GO LOWER THAN THE FLOOR, AND THAT'S WHERE THIS STUD LIKES TO HANG OUT.



FLOORED

WHEN HE'S FLOORED, HE CAN CHUCK THE HARD HAT AND WORK CLOTHES AND GET REACQUAINTED WITH HIS DICK.



FLOORED

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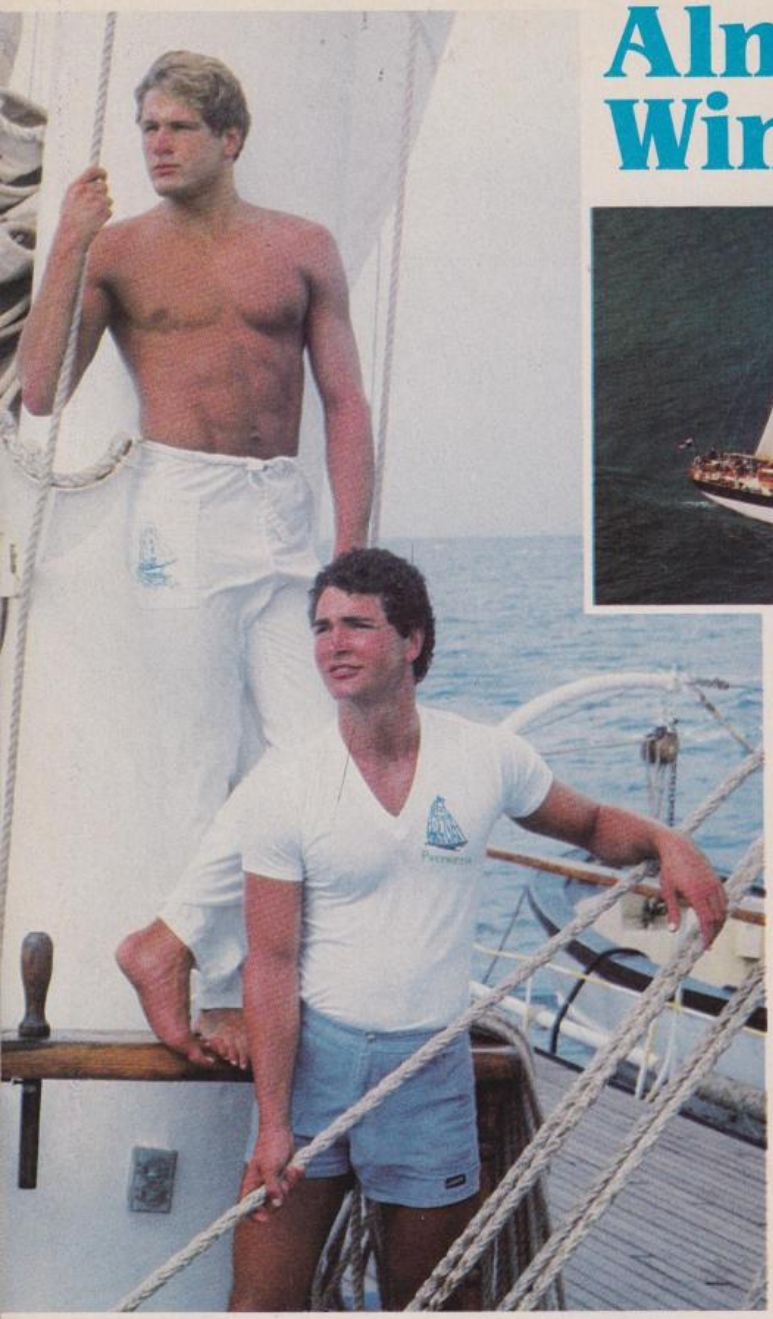

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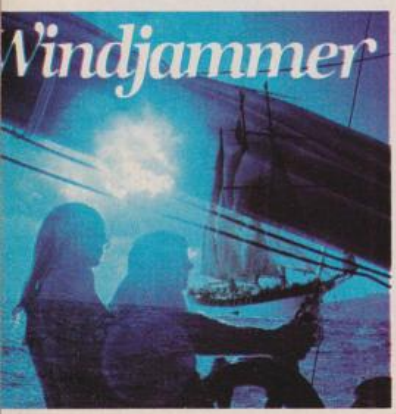

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A TRAVELING MAN

The trucker pulled himself into the cab and sat close to me. He talked his way across the panel, fingering each switch and button and lever like making love. "What's this lever between my legs?" I asked.

by Ed Erickson • Art by Matt

Let's face it—the mechanical aspects of sex are boring. There are only so many holes you can stick your cock into. And give or take a couple of inches, cocks are pretty much the same. What turns me on is the rest of the man. I don't mean only his body. Or even his mind. I mean those, yes, but also the situation, the place, the climate, the texture of the bed, the carpet, or the sand.

I like variety in all these things. Fortunately, a job that requires a lot of traveling puts me in situations where I never get bored. There's always a chance that the unexpected will happen. You don't know the rules in a new place. You don't know who does what with whom. You don't know all the signs and signals and moves. Even if you end up by yourself jerking off to your own fantasies, the game is exciting.

Take truckers. They're phenomenal fuckers. My theory is that the vibrations from the road stimulate the prostate. Truckers can come for hours. My first experience with one was in a truck stop parking lot in Moline, Illinois.

"Jesus, it's a monster," I said as I stood beside the cab admiring the blue and chrome finish. "You own your own rig?"

"I own the tractor. Cost more than my fuckin' house in New Mexico." I could feel his body heat as we stood beside the driver's side of the truck. He was about my height, slim but muscular through the shoulders and arms. " 'Bout as comfortable as my house, too. Wanna take a look inside?"

I looked at him. "Yeah."

"Hop in," he said, pointing to the step beside the driver's door. I took hold of the handle beside the door and stepped up about 30 inches. Balancing on the step while I opened the door, I reached for the steering wheel to haul myself into the cab. As I raised my foot to step up, I felt his large hand on my ass. "Need a little help?" he asked as he boosted me through the door. I knew then that I hadn't misread the signals; I had won this game.

I moved over on the seat a little, then looked down into his upturned face. "What is all this shit?" I asked, gesturing toward the instrument panel.

He pulled himself into the cab and sat close to me. He talked his way across the panel, fingering each switch and button and lever like making love. It was the most erotic thing I had ever seen. "What's this lever between my legs?" I asked, but even I know what a gearshift is.

He placed the palm of his hand on the knob, then gripped it firmly. He slid his hand down over the head onto the stick. "This is what makes it go." He moved the stick slowly from side to side in neutral, then pushed it to the far left against my leg and jerked it all the way back. His hand pushed against the head of my growing cock.

"Seems like there's another lever here," he said as he groped at my stick. "Want me to put it in gear?"

"Oh, Christ, yes," I pleaded.

"We could get more comfortable in the bunk." He jerked his head toward the sleeping cab back of us.

The bunk was like a sex club. It had everything. In addition to a bed, it had built-in compartments with all the necessary equipment and toys for a hot fuck. We didn't begin to exhaust the possiblities of all the rubber, leather, ropes, chains, ointments, and creams. He even had a library of porn magazines and fuck books.

"Where's the T.V.?" I asked.

"Wastes too much time," he said. "I like to get right at it." He took the thin blanket and sheet off the bed, revealing a rubber sheet underneath. "Would you like to do a little rasslin' first?"

"Whatever you say. I'm new to this kind

of place. What do we do?"

"Anything that turns you on that you can do in a space nine by five by four. I had the bunk custom built. My brother did the body work. He makes campers and custom vans—that kind of shit. He's used to fixin' up whorehouses on wheels."

We had our clothes off by now. He took a plastic bottle from one of the cupboards and squirted it all over the rubber sheet. "If we get into anything you don't like, just let me know. I ain't particular." Then he fell face down on the bed and rolled around in the oil until his body glistened. "It's great for dry skin," he grinned.

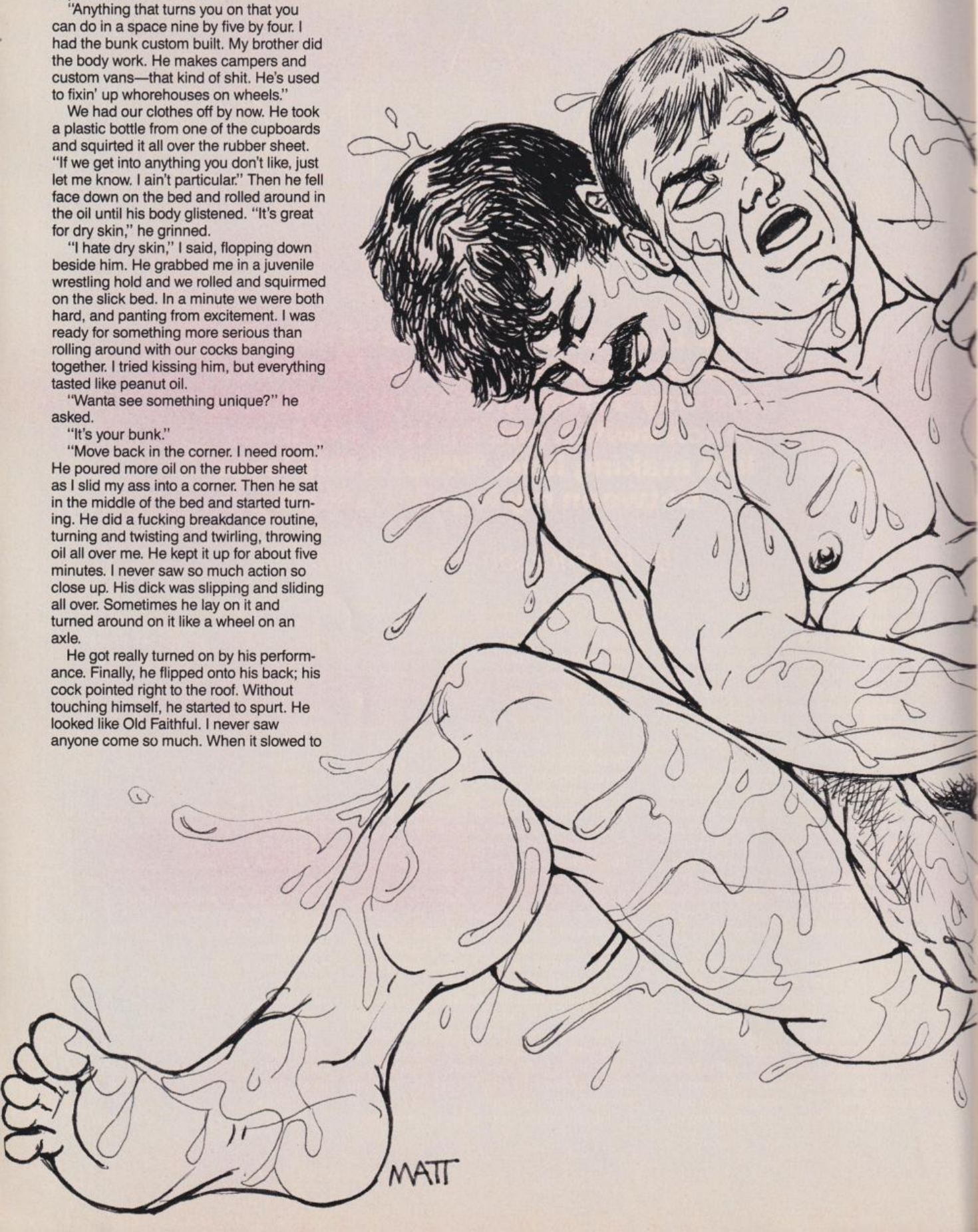
"I hate dry skin," I said, flopping down beside him. He grabbed me in a juvenile wrestling hold and we rolled and squirmed on the slick bed. In a minute we were both hard, and panting from excitement. I was ready for something more serious than rolling around with our cocks banging together. I tried kissing him, but everything tasted like peanut oil.

"Wanta see something unique?" he asked.

"It's your bunk."

"Move back in the corner. I need room." He poured more oil on the rubber sheet as I slid my ass into a corner. Then he sat in the middle of the bed and started turning. He did a fucking breakdance routine, turning and twisting and twirling, throwing oil all over me. He kept it up for about five minutes. I never saw so much action so close up. His dick was slipping and sliding all over. Sometimes he lay on it and turned around on it like a wheel on an axle.

He got really turned on by his performance. Finally, he flipped onto his back; his cock pointed right to the roof. Without touching himself, he started to spurt. He looked like Old Faithful. I never saw anyone come so much. When it slowed to



a dribble, he took it in his hand and milked the last few drops.

"That was fucking fantastic!" I said.

"What do you do for an encore?"

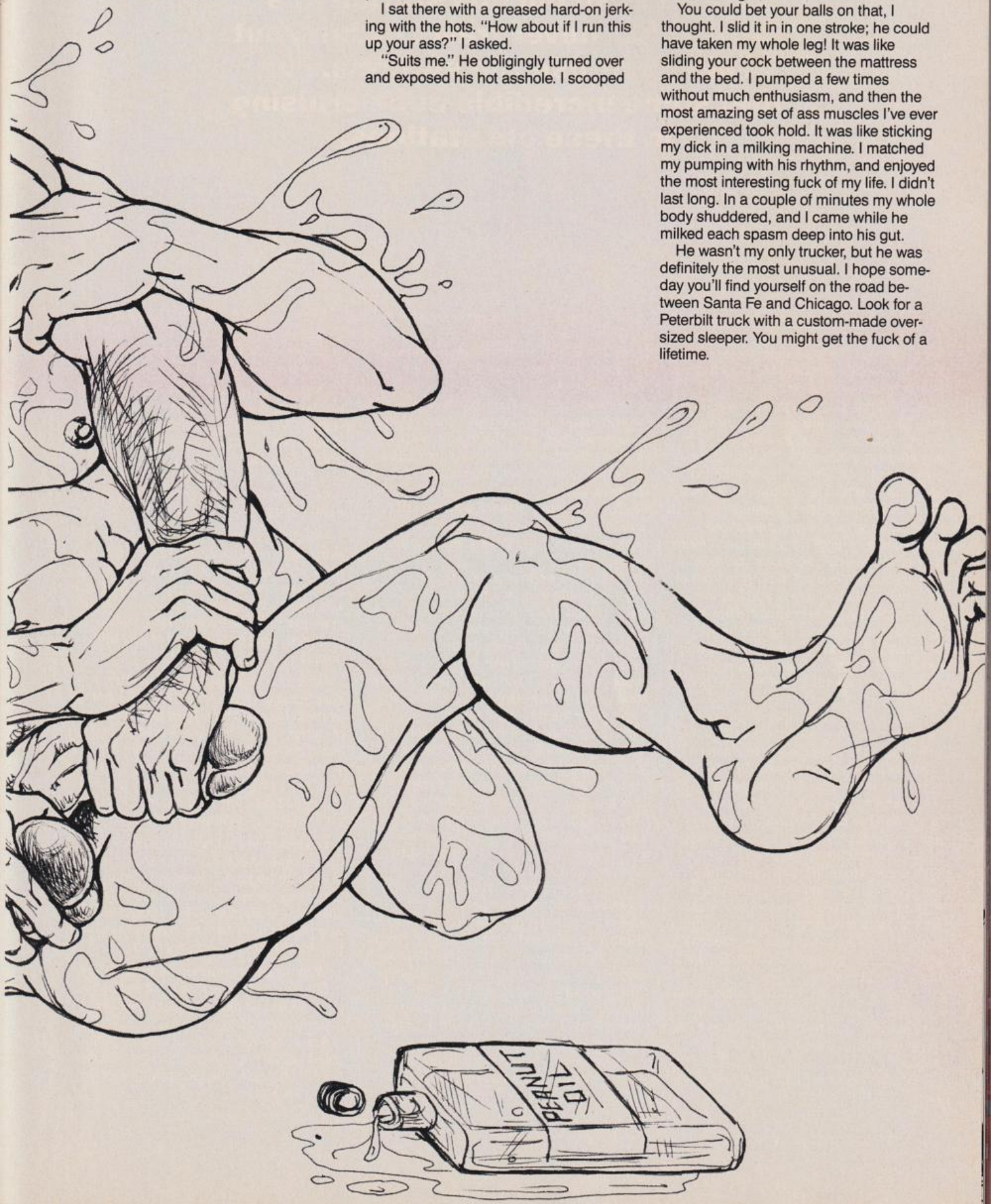
He panted, "Fuckin' nothin'. It's up to you now."

I sat there with a greased hard-on jerking with the hots. "How about if I run this up your ass?" I asked.

"Suits me." He obligingly turned over and exposed his hot asshole. I scooped up some of his cum and spread it over his hot ass lips. "You don't have to be gentle. I'm not a virgin," he announced.

You could bet your balls on that, I thought. I slid it in in one stroke; he could have taken my whole leg! It was like sliding your cock between the mattress and the bed. I pumped a few times without much enthusiasm, and then the most amazing set of ass muscles I've ever experienced took hold. It was like sticking my dick in a milking machine. I matched my pumping with his rhythm, and enjoyed the most interesting fuck of my life. I didn't last long. In a couple of minutes my whole body shuddered, and I came while he milked each spasm deep into his gut.

He wasn't my only trucker, but he was definitely the most unusual. I hope someday you'll find yourself on the road between Santa Fe and Chicago. Look for a Peterbilt truck with a custom-made oversized sleeper. You might get the fuck of a lifetime.



One of my favorite places when I travel is an old bus station in a large city. I never travel by bus, but I like to cruise the stations. I've met some incredible cock cruising in these old stations.

One of my favorite places when I travel is an old bus station in a large city. I never travel by bus; that's a pain in the ass. But I like to cruise the stations. My favorites are the art deco Greyhound stations. Washington, D.C. has a perfect one. The men's room is unique and it has never been modernized. You can stand anywhere in the room and see at least six cocks, most of them displayed for all to see. The best part is a section in the middle of the room where the urinals are back to back, hung on the wall only about four and a half feet high. It's a little like a room divider. While you take a piss you look directly into the eyes of the guy in front of you—who is taking a piss and looking at you! Some guys can't stand it. They're used to sidelong looks that establish contact with a guy three stalls down the way. But I like the place. I know if I can get someone to look me in the eye I've got him hooked.

I met my all-time favorite black cock there. He was inexperienced—I think he only wanted to take a leak. He wasn't a native of Washington because he had a thick Southern accent. I was standing there holding my cock and not doing anything. The place was nearly empty, just a few kids in and out as fast as they could zip. He came in and stood right in front of me. He didn't understand the peculiar architectural style of the place—he had to piss so badly I guess he didn't look around. He unzipped and let go, then looked up directly into my eyes. He looked embarrassed, glanced down at himself, then back at me.

"Shee-it," he said, " 'nuf to make a man dry up."

I grinned. "You got to help it a little. Give it a few shakes," I said. "Get the juice flowing."

"Few shakes, I get a dif'runt kinda juice."

"It's worth a try. Want me to shake it for you?"

He looked around the room. There was no one there at the moment. "I dunno. You think ita he'p?"

I tucked my cock in my pants and walked around the wall to his side. I stood beside him, both of us facing the entrance so that I could keep an eye out for cops and other undesirables. I unzipped my pants and pulled out my dick again. Then I took a good look at his. It was twice the size of my own, which wasn't little. His cock was uncut and looked like a huge ebony club.

"Christ, no wonder you can't get anything outta that. You have to skin it back," I said. I reached over, took his cock out of his hand into my own, and slid the smooth skin back to expose the most beautiful cockhead I had ever seen. It was damp and shiny. There was a pink undertone to the ebony color, and a little more pink under the rim of the head.

He didn't say anything, so I stroked his rod several times. He reached over and took mine in his hand. He followed my rhythm as he started pumping mine.

A few other guys came in, but they stayed on the other side of the wall. Only one took any interest in us, but he didn't have the nerve to come around and see what we were doing.

The whole place is a real turn-on. The smell of deodorizer and piss. The blue-green tile with the glaze worn off where thousands of men have rested their hands while they pissed. The bare blue flourescent lights, one always flickering. Men made equal by their need for a shit, a piss, or a fuck. I thought I was having some kind of religious experience until I realized I was coming.

"Goddamn," I said. "That was quick." I squirted another load as he pumped me dry.

"I guess I got the touch," he said.

"That's not all you got," I said. "You've got a terrific dick. You want to go with me and let me take care of it?"

"My bus go at four." He folded his cock into his pants and followed me out of the station. We walked about a block to a seedy hotel. I don't usually go in for hotels, but this guy was worth it.

He was willing to learn, and I didn't have to talk him into anything. He just hadn't done much before.

His clothes smelled of the country. His jeans were clean and ironed, and his worn white shirt was spotless. He wanted to fuck me in the ass. As he explained, there was plenty of cocksucking where he came from, but not much assfucking. Always prepared, I got out my tube of jelly and greased up.

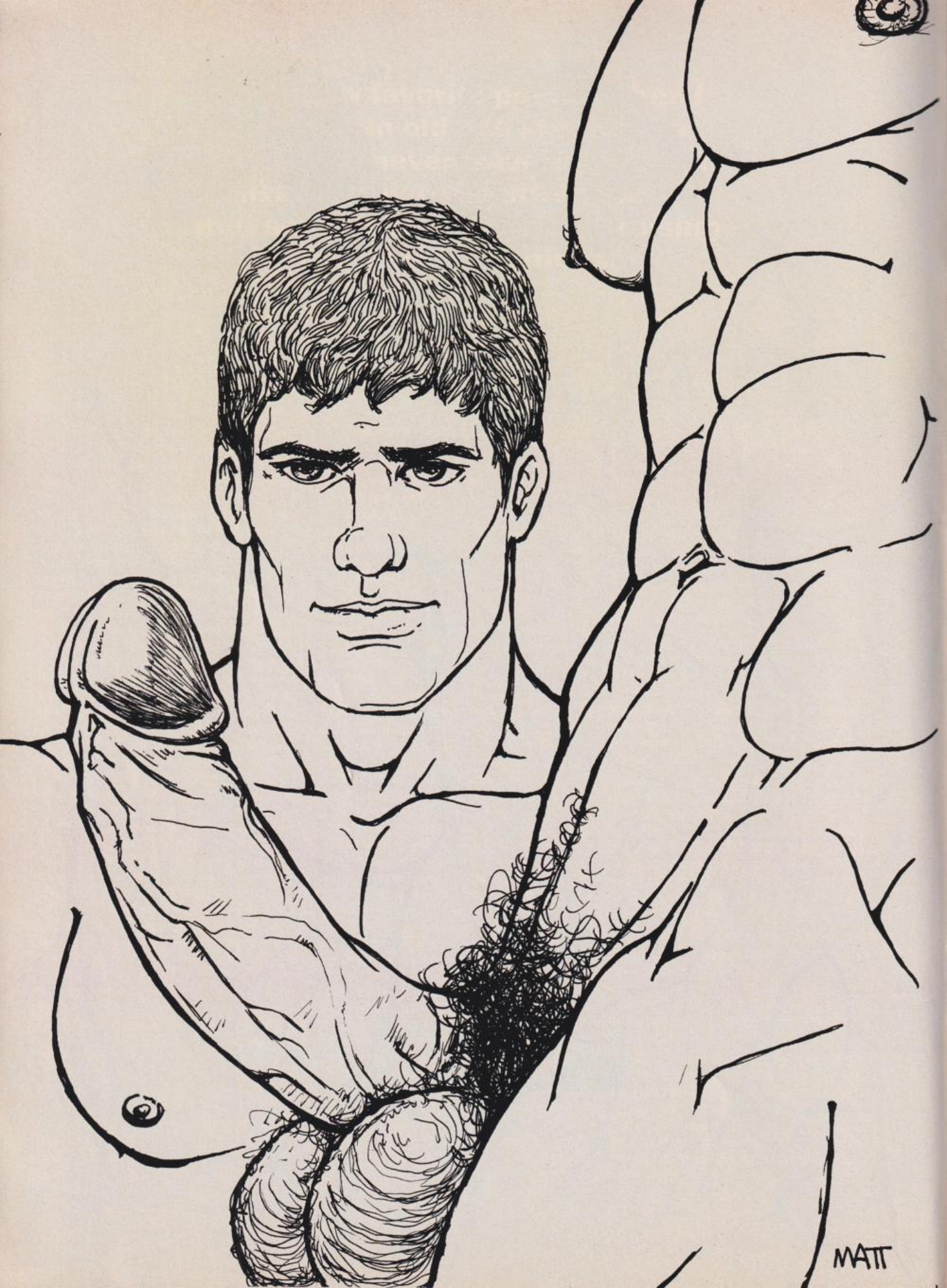
He sat on an overstuffed chair that I suspected of having fleas, but it's what he wanted. I sucked him, then sat on his lap, or rather I sat on that black ballbat sticking out of his lap. It took a while to get it in. He was eager and I was nervous about his size, but it finally pushed into my gut. I thought I could feel it hitting my stomach, but that was probably nerves too.

I rode him like a horse on a merry-go-round, up and down and up and down until we both began to sweat and groan. Otherwise he was silent. I personally like a little more enthusiasm. But I could tell he was enjoying my ass. He began hunching up against me as I rode his pole.

With a violent shudder, he grabbed my shoulders and forced me to sit still on his lap. I could feel his cock expanding, contracting, exploding in my ass.

There's never a lot to say afterwards. I didn't go back to the station. But if you're ever in D.C. go to the Greyhound men's room. It's a pisser.

MATT


MATT

If you're ever in Detroit and you're in trouble and a police detective offers to take you to your hotel—let him!

Some guys who travel specialize. Some go for airline stewards, some for waiters, others for kids who hang out at arcades. I like the less obvious places and types. I avoid bars altogether. If there's no challenge, it's no fun.

One of my favorite encounters was with a policeman. Normally, I don't have any occasion to meet cops. I never particularly wanted to, either. But on one of my trips to Detroit I was mugged while walking back to my hotel in broad daylight. It happened within sight of a police station. I wasn't really hurt, and they didn't get anything but my credit cards.

A couple of people saw it and came to help me—after the muggers took off, of course. They even went with me to the police station as witnesses. The cop who took down the information was polite but uninterested. He turned me over to a detective. I felt better as soon as I saw him. What a hunk. He was a dark Mediterranean type, Lebanese I found out later. He had deepset, sad eyes that made me want to cradle his head on my chest and stroke it—and anything else of his.

He was about six feet two, and built more like a model than a cop. He sat at the desk and read through the report quickly.

"Expect you're kind of shook up. Did they knock you around much?"

I felt stupid somehow, and probably sounded like I was in shock, but it wasn't from the mugging. It was him. "A little. A few bruises, I guess. My pants are ruined."

"Looks like your knee's bleeding. I'll take you to Emergency. Come on."

I followed him silently to his car. As he pulled away from the curb I asked, "Could you just drop me at my hotel? I'm okay. I'll just clean up. I've got a band aid."

"Okay, if you go straight to bed. Take a hot shower and relax. I need to ask some more questions. You mind?"

He went with me to my room. "Do you mind if I shower first? Then you can ask questions. I feel dirty after all this."

"Sure, go ahead. It's part of the violation. Even when they don't touch you, you feel dirty. Steam awhile. I've got no place to go."

I took quite a while soaking in the heat. I was sore in several places, I guess where they kicked me, but only my knee was skinned. I turned the water off and stepped out of the shower. The door opened. "Feel better?" the detective asked. "Let me look at that knee." I stood on the bathmat dripping water. I hadn't even reached for the towel yet. Water dripped down my chest and stomach and fell off the tip of my cock.

He kneeled in front of me and inspected my knee. He held my leg as he examined it. Then he looked up at me from knee level. "Not too bad," he said. "Got any antiseptic?"

"Yeah, in my dop kit."

"You dry off and I'll find it," he said.

I dried off. I didn't have a robe, so I tied the towel around my waist and went into the bedroom.

"Here we are," he said, holding the tube of ointment I carry with me. "Sit down," he ordered. I sat. The chair was low, my knees high. He pushed my knees wide apart to get at the wound. He kneeled in front of me again. He continued to act very professional. He put the ointment on gently and efficiently.

"Your inner thigh's bruised. Did he kick you?" He ran his hand from my knee to my thigh. "Is that tender?"

"Jesus Christ, yes." I jerked my leg.

"They get your nuts?"

"No, they're fine."

"I'd better take a look. You may be traumatized." He peeled the towel up my legs to my waist. He looked at my lap. I didn't find his attention unwelcome, but his being a cop made me nervous. My cock and balls pulled up into my crotch.

"Look, I don't think this is a good idea," I said.

"What do you mean. I'm here to help. I'm on duty. I believe in helping the victim. I just want to make sure you're okay. We can still take you to Emergency." He reached for my shriveled balls. He lifted my cock aside and pulled my nuts.

"Any pain? Any tenderness at all?"

"No," I put my head back in the chair. He rolled my nuts in his hands.

"They seem all right. You seem a little tense, but your nuts are warm. And heavy. Nice nuts. Good cock, too." He bounced it in the palm of his hand.

By that time I had no control. I looked down into his beautiful dark eyes and he looked up at me. There was so much sadness in his eyes. His mouth parted slightly. He licked his lips and my cock got hard instantly. "Oh, Christ," I groaned and hit the arm of the chair with my fist. "Now will you believe me that I'm all right?"

"You look fit to me," he said. He looked at his watch. "Well, look at that. Nine o'clock. My shift's over. You want to fuck?" He reached for my hard-on and rotated it in my lap. "Seems a shame to waste this." He leaned forward and took my cock in his face.

We fucked a dozen ways that night. He felt it was his duty somehow. I was willing to do anything as long as I could look into his eyes.

I don't recommend mugging. I don't even recommend Detroit. But if you're ever there and you're in any trouble and a detective offers to take you to your hotel—let him!■

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CHAMPIONSHIP

Continued from page 9

money...in my boots."

"Here, drink some water and don't even try to talk. You look like you've just been through the ringer. Here's your chow. Just nod your head yes or no. I've only got two questions. Did you hitch a bum ride?"

Gideon nodded as he eagerly gulped down some food.

"Slow down, man, or you'll get sick to your stomach on top of everything else. My buddies will be here any minute with my rig. I've got a first-aid kit and I can patch you up. We're headed northeast into Kansas; you're welcome to ride with me as long as it suits you. Okay?"

Gideon nodded again, thinking that under the circumstances this was the best birthday present he could have hoped for.

* * * *

The convoy had made its last overnight stop a few hours after crossing the Oklahoma panhandle into the state of Kansas. They were only three miles from their destination as Ned Land steered his torpedo-shaped Airstream off the highway. His partner flashed him a big grin as he began flagging the vehicles, one by one, through the gates marked NO TRESPASSING-PRIVATE DRIVE, onto the bumpy country road that leads to the Rafters.

The last 48 hours had been the best that Gideon had spent on the road—in fact, the best he had enjoyed in a long time. He was obviously in awe of the rugged Good Samaritan who saved his life, and it was becoming obvious to everyone but Gideon that "Boner the Loner" was smitten with his handsome young passenger.

The two men had been inseparable since they met. Ned immediately made a "shotgun" replacement when he took one look at Gideon's condition, thereby enabling Boner to drive his own rig and keep a constant eye on his patient.

At night, when all the vehicles were parked in a huge circle—like an encampment of covered wagons—these two kept to themselves and talked about their farm backgrounds, Boner's life on the road, their dreams and aspirations.

It was clear that Gideon had led a rather sheltered life in an overzealous "religious" atmosphere. Specific references to his father, however, were carefully avoided. At one point, Boner hastily changed the subject when Gideon

flinched noticeably in response to the question: "Are you into wrestling?" Boner was the undisputed champion and main attraction of the games; he was the lure by which most of the group's money was raised. He never mentioned the subject again. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it, he reasoned.

They were closing in on the main parking area now, and even through the dust Boner could see that this was going to be a record turnout. The surrounding woods were crawling with leather-studded men. It seemed that every heavy-hung all-American country gay had tuned in to the underground word-of-mouth network and was here for the big event. Like Daniel Boone, Boner didn't relish the sight of smoke from his neighbor's chimney; he wondered if this had better not be his last year with the caravan. But he couldn't pull out now; too much depended on him. His new friend would just have to learn the facts of life the hard way.

* * *

The Rafters was packed wall-to-wall with hot men. Gideon finally became aware of the conspicuous absence of females. It didn't bother him, however; if anything, it intensified his new-found sense of camaraderie. But something else was troubling him as he sat between Ned and Roger at ringside.

"It's somewhere between Greco-Roman, free-style, and professional wrestling," Roger was explaining. "Let's say it's highly unorthodox. Potential challengers try to outbid one another for a crack at the champion. If they get disqualified before the match is over, the money stays in the kitty and the second-highest bidder goes in. We stand to make more money tonight than all the other years combined."

The referee, after testing the microphone, began: "And now, Latents and Gentlemen: the MAIN EVENT!" Only some random nervous laughter rippled through the arena. This crowd wanted hot man-to-man action, not piss-elegant humor. The referee immediately picked up on the mood and launched into his introductions. "In this corner, the Challenger—Caesar Erectus—weighing in at..." Gideon didn't hear another word; it was as if he had known all along who it would be after he spotted the ominous-looking black van when they arrived. A hulking man barged through the ropes—there was the ugly vision of his rapist, glaring at the spectators as he pranced around the ring. At first there was a smattering of polite applause, but the crowd immediately sensed the evil emanating from this cocksure giant. Pretty soon boos and catcalls greeted him as he strutted around the perimeter of the ring, throwing the finger at his detractors and calling them a bunch of lowdown scumbags.

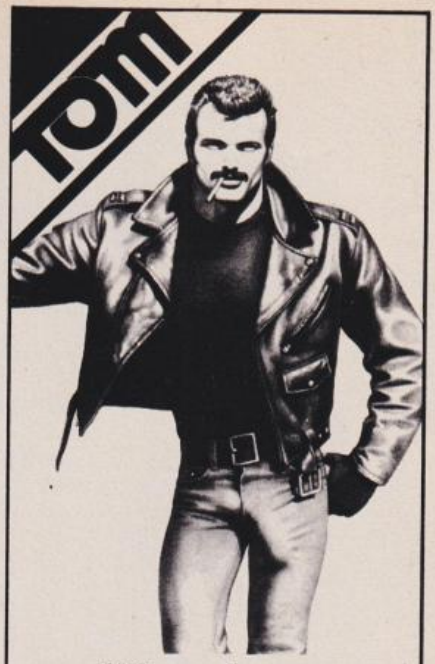
It wasn't until the frenzied cheering of a different ovation reached its crescendo that Gideon regained his composure and saw his friend Boner spring over the ropes in one athletic leap, acknowledging the adulation of the fans. Many of them had come primarily for a glimpse of this heavily muscled young Adonis. Each year stricter disciplines had to be imposed in the selection of challengers because there were men willing to pay any price just to fake a fall and then enjoy the ultimate submission as Boner's bottom man. The rules now stated that opponents would automatically be disqualified at the first sign of stalling to insure the kind of aggressive wrestling that the RVers demanded. After all, if they wanted to see holds and counterholds, they could go to their local high schools. A lot of these spectators had spent a lot of money—some had come all the way from Alaska and Hawaii—and they deserved a good honest brawl.

Men and boys who participated in the original games at Olympia were buck naked, and the Main Event at the Rafters followed the ancient tradition; however, the RVers had added a few innovations of their own. One of the biggest crowd-pleasers was the strip auction which preceded the match. Piece by piece, the two combatants peeled off their clothing until each man was left wearing nothing but a jockstrap and a pair of wooly gym socks. When these tasty morsels were auctioned off, Boner was required to relinquish the Championship Gold Cock Ring so that it could be presented to this year's winner at the conclusion of the match.

Now came the moment everybody had been waiting for. Since the unique rules called for anal penetration in addition to pinning a man's shoulders on the mat for a count of two seconds, both athletes were required to exhibit full hard-ons prior to the starting bell. This was certainly no great challenge for Boner, whose luscious dick was usually in a state of semi-erection. Having a keen sense of showmanship, he played his cock to the crowd, whipping it up to gargantuan tumescence, sticking it between the ropes and poking it at the faces at ringside. Then he stood perfectly still and posed, looking like the Colossus of Rhodes come to life, letting his monster cock throb and dance as the fans went wild.

The more the spectators whistled and cheered Boner on, the angrier Caesar became; he was having trouble getting it up. While he was beating his meat furiously, big drops of sweat rolling off his

Continued to page 37



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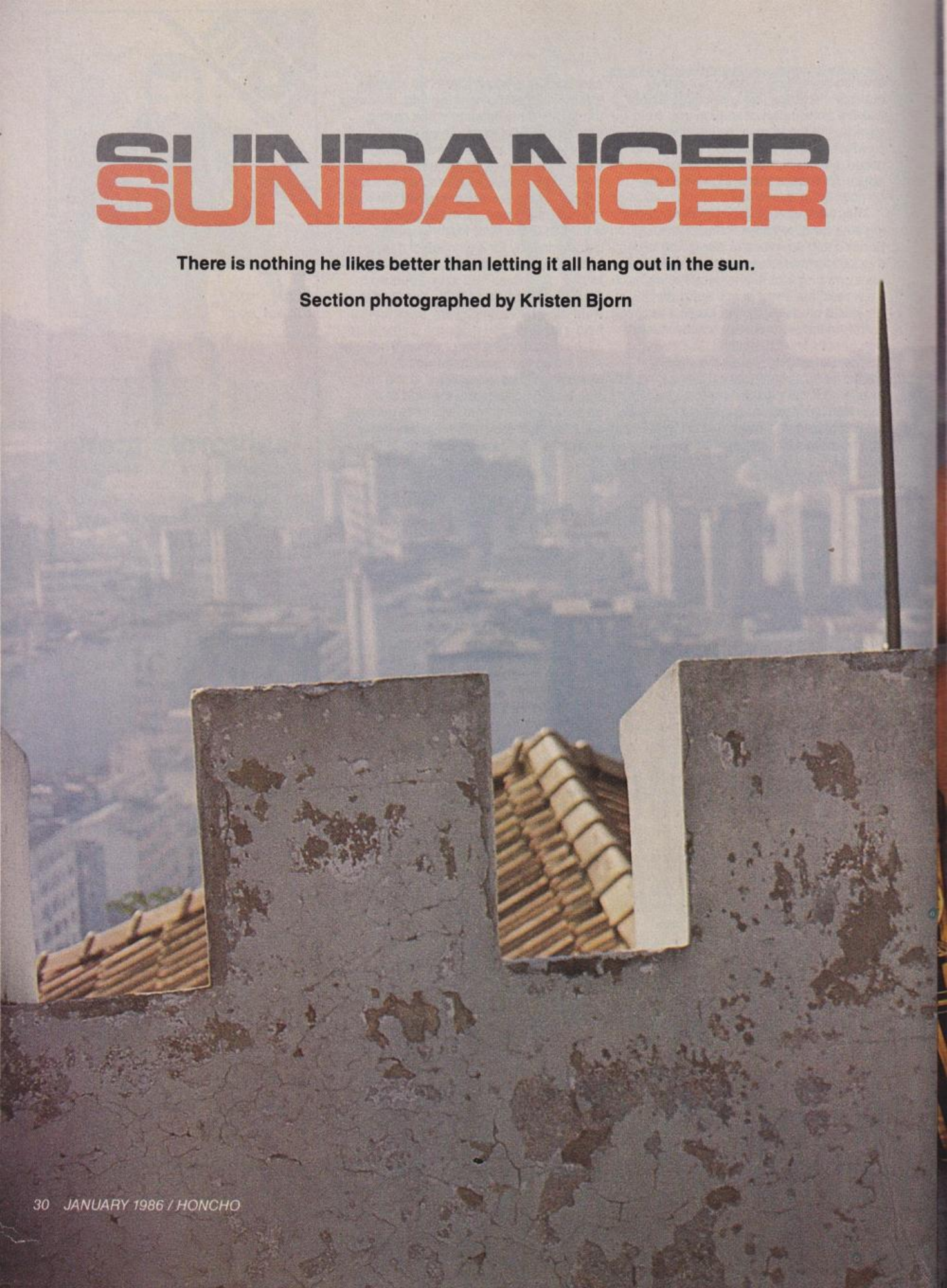
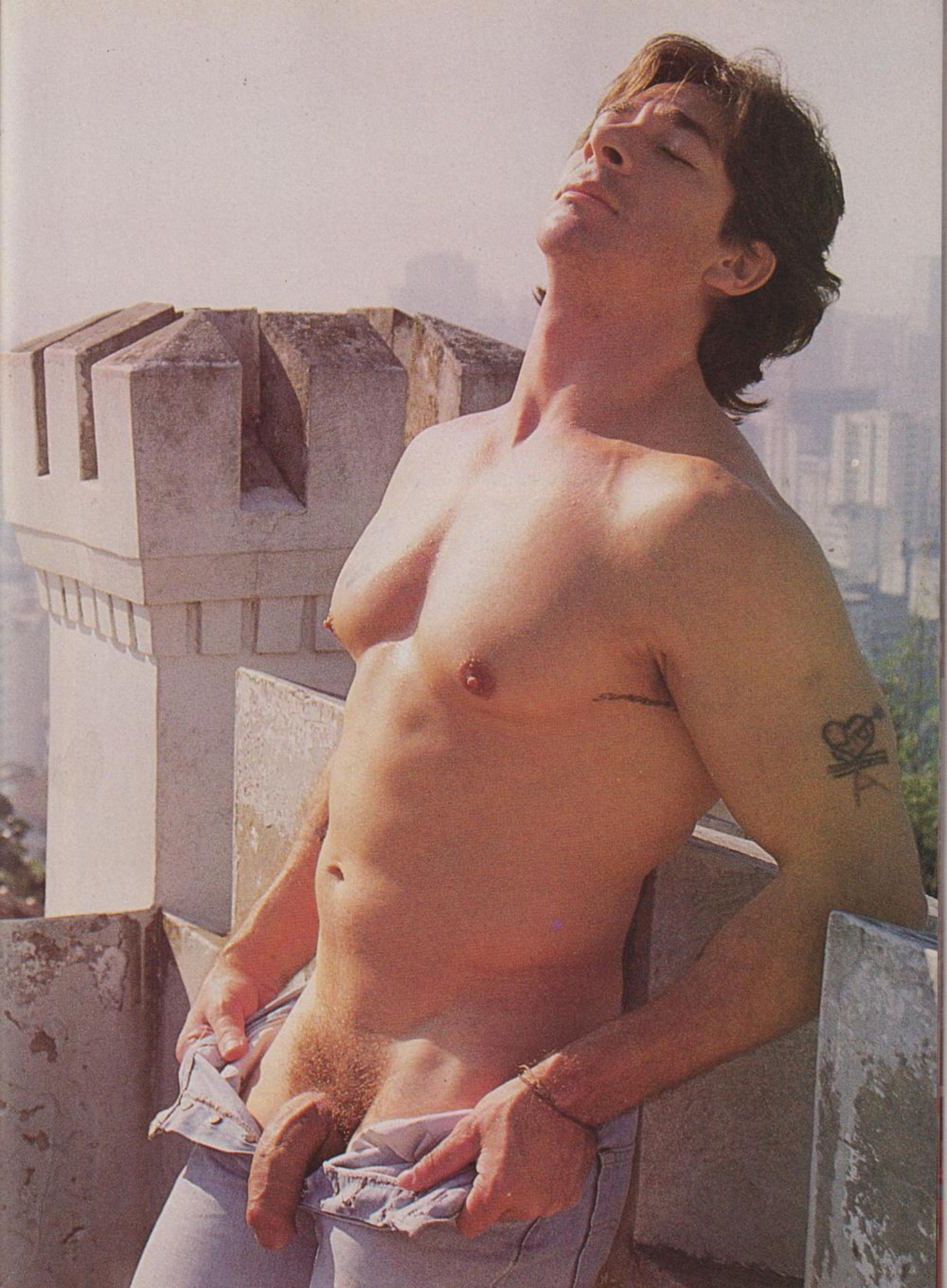
SUNDANCER

There is nothing he likes better than letting it all hang out in the sun.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn





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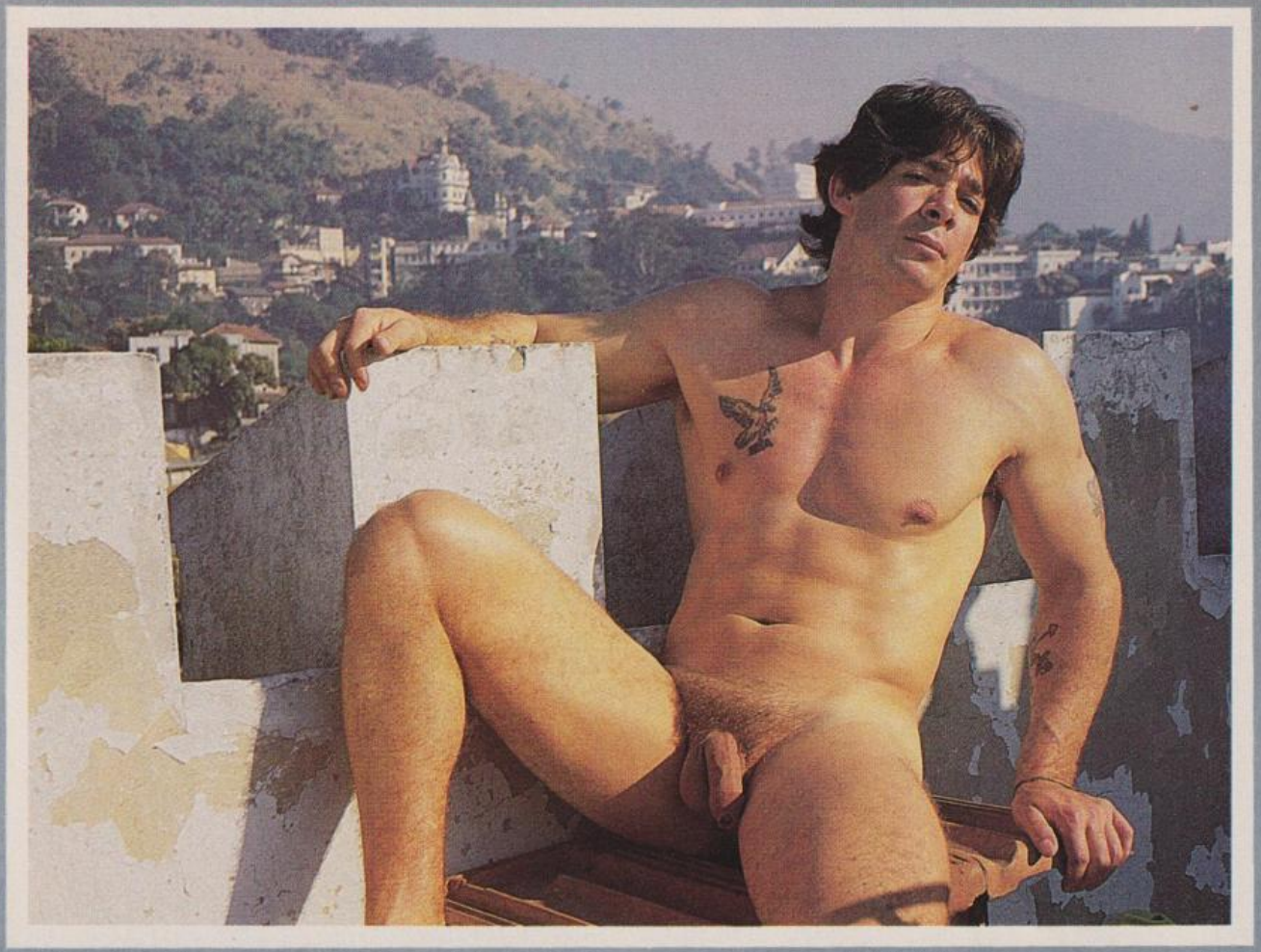
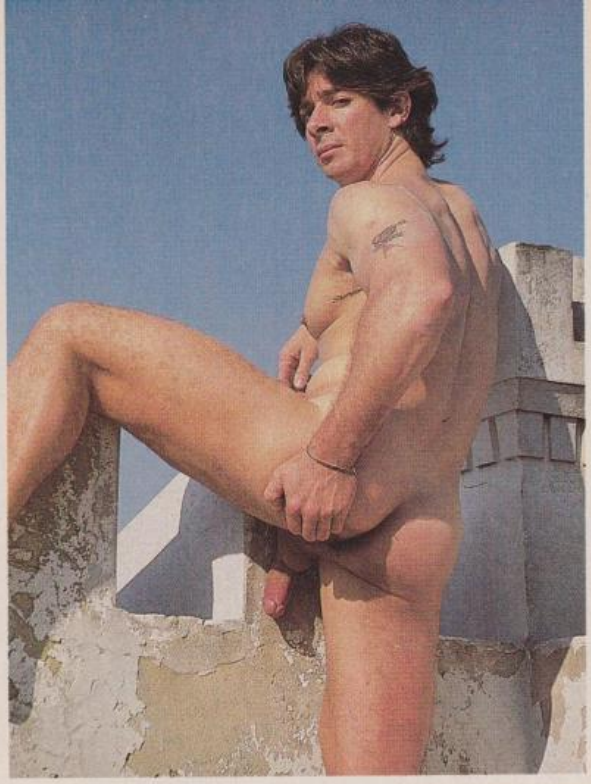
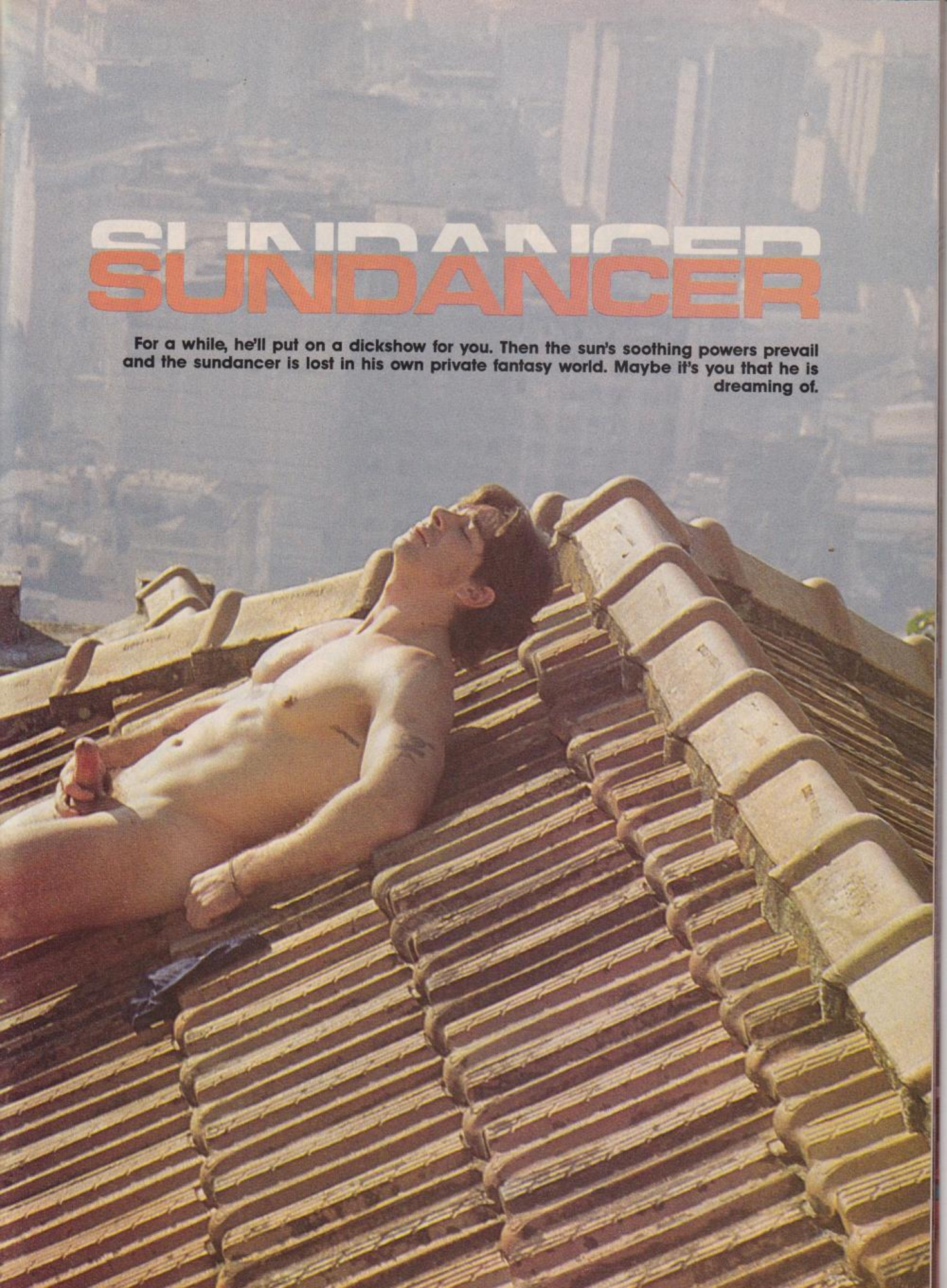


Every chance he gets, he heads up to the tiles to air out that three-piece set and catch some rays. He doesn't mind if you watch him sundancing; in fact, it turns him on.



SUNDANCER

For a while, he'll put on a dickshow for you. Then the sun's soothing powers prevail and the sundancer is lost in his own private fantasy world. Maybe it's you that he is dreaming of.



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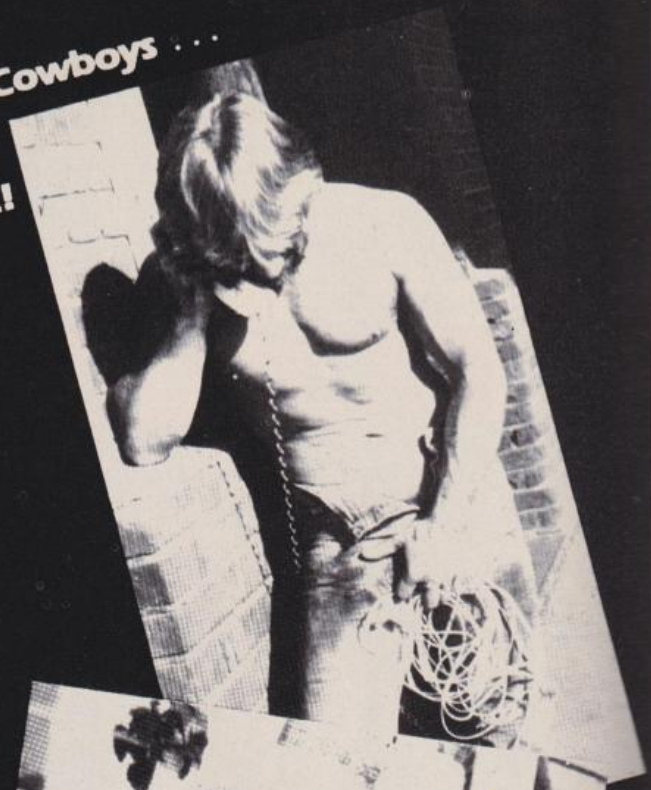

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CHAMPIONSHIP

Continued from page 29

hairy tits, he got a good look at the Champion's cock as it swung back and forth. Finally the Challenger's smelly prick snapped to attention, barely in time to qualify as the bell sounded.

The two wrestlers began to circle one another warily. Boner looked every inch the champion gladiator, while Caesar was the personification of the hairy ape. There was no question that the Challenger was a formidable presence. He had the advantage in bulk, weight, and height, but he lacked Boner's tremendous agility, speed, awesome physique, and natural grace.

Neither man was able to gain an advantage until Caesar suddenly lunged ferociously, trying to bodyslam Boner, who managed to scramble out of his grasp. Caesar followed and surprised Boner with a bodyblock, putting the Champ on the canvas. Then he proceeded to wear him down with chinlocks and headlocks. Pretty soon he was punching and kicking Boner around the ring, his cruel face filled with hate. Grabbing Boner by the arm, Caesar swung him around, whipping him into the ropes, grunting and pounding his fist into his opponent's eyes and spitting into his face. The fans were up in arms, booing and jeering. When Caesar failed to apply a wrap-around leglock he flew into a rage, then lost his balance while attempting to fist-fuck the Champion and smashed into the ropes. He saw the face of Gideon Locke gazing up at him.

"You mother-fuckin' douchebag. Who the hell let *you* in here? Once I kill this scumbucket I'm gonna finish your ass for good, ya goddamn faggot!"

When Boner heard this and saw the terror in his friend's eyes, he understood everything. He had wanted to get his hands on the son-of-a-bitch who had brutalized Gideon, and now fate had delivered the bastard on a silver platter.

Never was a man so ready for combat. All eyes followed Boner's superb physique as he moved with the stealthy grace of a stalking tiger. A deafening roar of approval echoed through the Rafters as Boner cornered his rival and unleashed a brutal beating. He abandoned all conservative holds and launched into an aerial attack that included dropkicks and flying bodypresses.

Having lost his initial advantage, Caesar tried to match Boner move for move, but nothing worked. Boner kept up a savage offensive with a maniacal thirst for revenge. The sound of cheering filled the air.

Frustrated at having lost the upper hand, Caesar started using predictable tactics and his execution became sluggish. With an upper body lock accompanied by a back arch, Boner executed a classic and spectacular Greco-Roman throw. He then demonstrated his incredible strength when he lifted the much heavier man into the air with a full press using just the power in his legs. He threw the giant across the ring, where his face crashed onto the mat right in front of Gideon.

Boner planted his knee in Caesar's lower back and kept him pinned to the mat. Grabbing his foe by the hair, Boner pulled back the other man's head while using his mighty cock like a sword as the explosive power of his penetration set the crowd cheering. He rammed his huge fuckpole all the way up into Caesar's bowels, tearing away until the savage brute screamed and begged for mercy. The referee slammed his hand to the mat, signifying Boner's victory.

As he cleaned off his still roaring hard-on with a hot towel, Boner kicked the humiliated rapist out of the ring. The house went berserk. Boots and pants were pulled off, jockstraps flew through the air, assholes got rimmed, fucked and fisted. And everywhere you looked, the biggest dicks in America were getting sucked dry.

A hand holding a golden cock ring reached through the ropes and pointed at Gideon. "The Champ wants you to put it on him."

With no shame or timidity, Gideon bounced through the ropes, tears of joy streaming across his smiling face as he took the gold cock ring and dropped to his knees in front of Boner. The Champ lifted him up by the armpits and said, "Slide it over the head of my dick." As Gideon obeyed and the gold ring passed over the bulbous cockhead, Boner's huge dick popped off; before Gideon could get the ring halfway down the steel shaft, he got drenched with hot cum. When Boner saw the sticky white stain spreading across the front of Gideon's pants, he tenderly shoved the handsome face down to meet his hot dick. As Gideon's sensuous mouth began to slurp, another hot load came squirting through the piss slit.

Gideon shot a load of his own without even touching himself. Then he heard Boner say: "Come here! Give us a kiss, and let's hit the road."■

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HONCHO READER SURVEY

LET'S HEAR ABOUT YOU!

When HONCHO introduces a hot new model, reader response is usually quick and to the point: Give us more! But Letters to the Editor tell us very little about who the HONCHO reader *really* is.

This is a survey which, we hope, will be a convenient way for you to tell us about yourself and let us know what you like and dislike about our magazine.

Please take a few minutes to complete the form and drop it in the mail. You'll be helping us tailor HONCHO to your tastes by bringing you the photos you want to see and the stories you want to read.

Send to:
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1) What is your age?
☐ under 21 -1
☐ 21 to 30 -2
☐ 31 to 40 -3
☐ 41 to 50 -4
☐ over 50 -5

2) What is your occupation?
_____ -A

3) What is your salary range per year?
☐ under $10,000 -6
☐ $10,000 - $20,000 -7
☐ $21,000 - $30,000 -8
☐ $31,000 - $40,000 -9
☐ $41,000 - $50,000 -10
☐ over $50,000 -11

4) What level of education did you complete?
☐ College Graduate -12
☐ Some College -13
☐ High School Graduate -14
☐ Some High School -15
☐ Grade School Only -16

5) Do you own a car?
☐ yes -17
☐ no -18

6) Which credit cards do you use, if any?
☐ American Express -19
☐ MasterCard -20
☐ Visa -21
☐ Other -22 _____

7) If you travel, approximately how many trips do you make in a year?
☐ 1 -23
☐ 3 -24
☐ 5 -25
☐ more -26

8) Check where you have traveled in the past two years?
☐ Continental U.S. -27
☐ North of U.S. -28
☐ South of U.S. -29
☐ Europe -30
☐ Asia -31
☐ Middle East -32
☐ Other -33
_____

9) Which of the following home entertainment products do you own?
☐ Television -34
☐ VCR -35
☐ Video Camera -36
☐ Console Stereo -37
☐ Personal Stereo -38
☐ Compact Disc Player -39

10) What type of music do you most enjoy listening to?
☐ Pop/Contemporary -40
☐ Hard Rock -41
☐ Easy Rock -42
☐ Jazz -43
☐ Folk -44
☐ New Wave -45
☐ Classical -46
☐ Opera -47

11) What hobbies or pastimes do you most often engage in?
_____
_____ -B

12) Do you subscribe to HONCHO?
☐ yes -48
☐ no -49

13) If you are not a subscriber and buy HONCHO at a newsstand, approximately how many issues do you buy in a year?
☐ 4 -50
☐ 8 -51
☐ 10 -52
☐ 12 -53

14) What makes you decide to buy a certain issue?
☐ cover -54 ☐ advertising -58
☐ pictorials -55 ☐ other -59
☐ centerfolds -56 _____
☐ fiction -57

15) Approximately how many friends and/or relatives read your issue of HONCHO?
☐ 2 -60 ☐ 6 -62
☐ 4 -61 ☐ more -63

16) List your favorite HONCHO features in order of preference (1 through 4).
☐ Photo spreads -64 ☐ Other -67
☐ ManSearch -65 _____
☐ Fiction -66

17) Is there anything you would like to see in HONCHO which we currently do not have?
☐ yes -68 ☐ no -69

18) If yes, briefly describe what you would like to see.
_____
_____ -C

19) Are we currently running anything in HONCHO which you would no longer care to see?
☐ yes -70 ☐ no -71

20) If yes, which section is it?
_____ -D

21) Have you ever placed an ad in HONCHO'S ManSearch section?
☐ yes -72 ☐ no -73

22) Have you ever answered an ad in ManSearch?
☐ yes -74 ☐ no -75

23) Would you like to see a directory of gay establishments in HONCHO?
☐ yes -76 ☐ no -77

24) If yes, which cities would you like us to include?
_____
_____ -E

25) Which of our regular photographers do you enjoy the most? (You may check more than one.)
☐ Kristen Bjorn -78 ☐ Romeo -82
☐ Cityboy -79 ☐ Surge Studio -83
☐ Falcon Studio -80 ☐ Other -84
☐ Malexpress Studio -81 _____

26) Which HONCHO cover was your favorite in the past year?
issue: _____ -F

27) Do you prefer our models to be
☐ fully nude -85 ☐ doesn't matter -87
☐ partially clothed -86

28) If partially clothed, what do you like to see our models wearing?
☐ jocks -88 ☐ sweatshirts -95
☐ classic briefs -89 ☐ gym clothes -96
☐ slim briefs -90 ☐ nylon bathing suits -97
☐ slings -91 ☐ leather -98
☐ boxer shorts -92 ☐ denim -99
☐ athletic undershirts -93 ☐ other -100
☐ T-shirts -94 _____

29) What type of fantasy figures do you enjoy seeing our models represent? (You may check more than one.)
☐ Policeman -101 ☐ Sailor -109
☐ Fireman -102 ☐ Marine -110
☐ State Trooper -103 ☐ Gym Coach -111
☐ Forest Ranger -104 ☐ Professional Athlete -112
☐ Construction Worker -105 ☐ College Athlete -113
☐ Blue Collar Worker -106 ☐ Other -114
☐ White Collar Worker -107 _____
☐ Army Man -108 _____

30) Regarding our HONCHO models, please specify your preferences:
☐ older -115 ☐ long hair -125
☐ younger -116 ☐ short hair -126
☐ hairy -117 ☐ beard -127
☐ smooth -118 ☐ moustache -128
☐ both -129
☐ cut -119 ☐ clean-shaven -130
☐ uncut -120
☐ trim -121 ☐ cock rings -131
☐ muscular -122 ☐ tattoos -132
☐ blond hair -123 ☐ oiled bodies -133
☐ dark hair -124 ☐ shaved bodies -134

31) What type of ethnic models would you like to see more of in HONCHO?
☐ Black -135 ☐ Asian -137
☐ Hispanic -136 ☐ Other -138

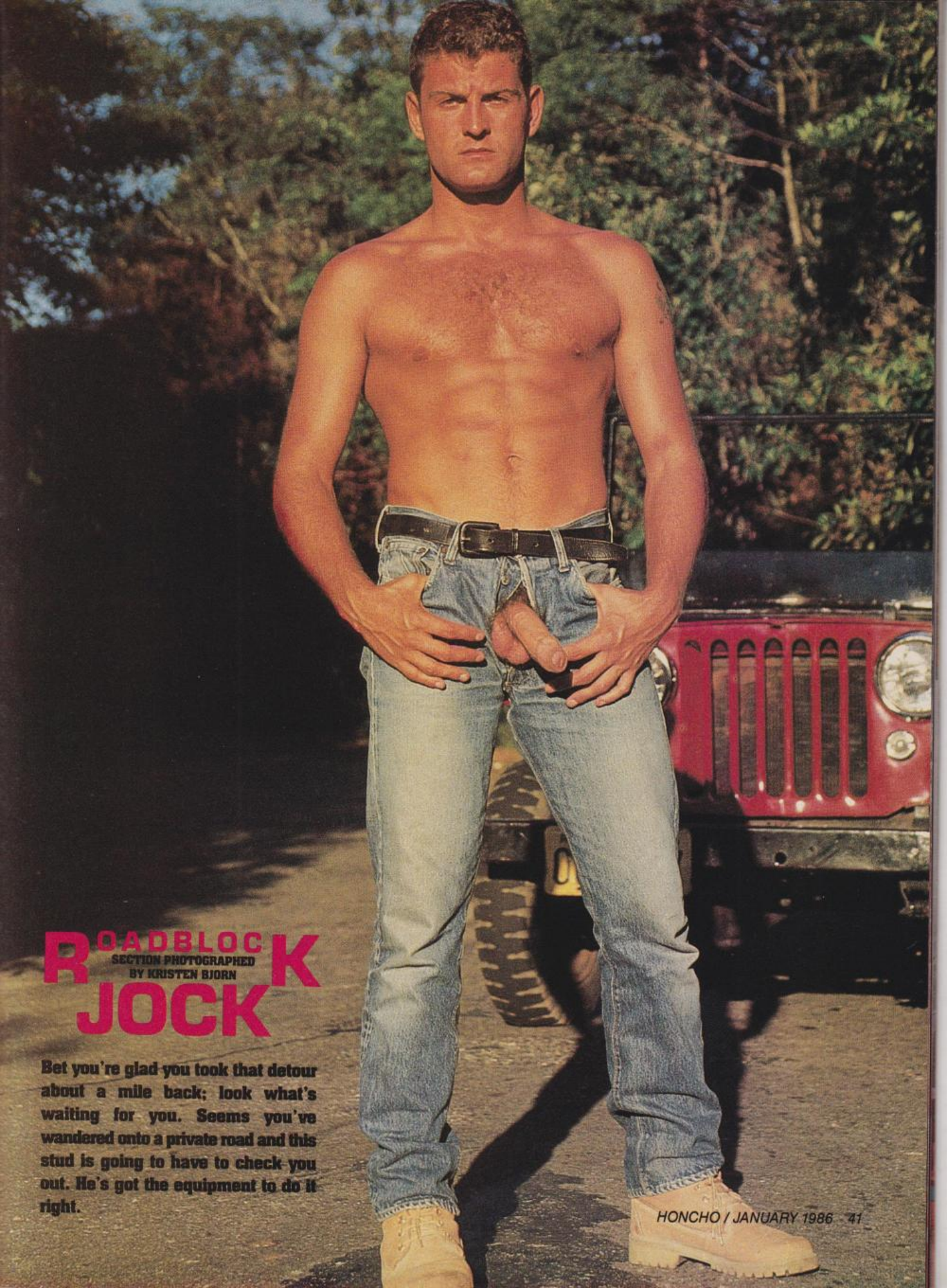
32) Have you ever made any purchases from our advertising pages?
☐ yes -139 ☐ no -140

33) If yes, did you spend
☐ $100 or under -141 ☐ over $200 -143
☐ over $100 -142 ☐ more -144 _____

34) What other gay publications do you read regularly?
_____
_____ -G

35) What other non-gay newsstand publications do you read regularly?
_____
_____ -H

36) Do you have any other comments?
_____
_____
_____ -I

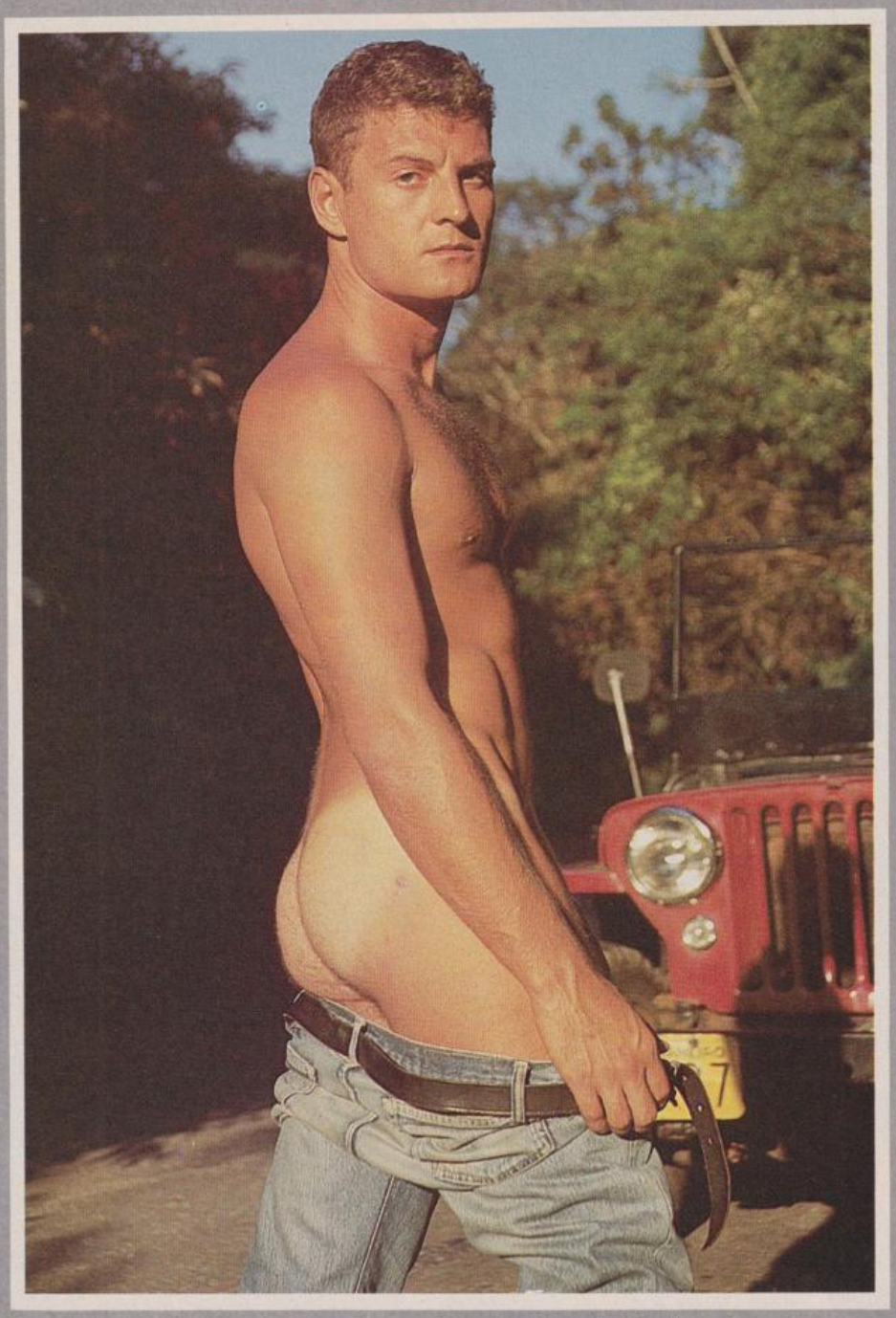


ROADBLOCK JOCK

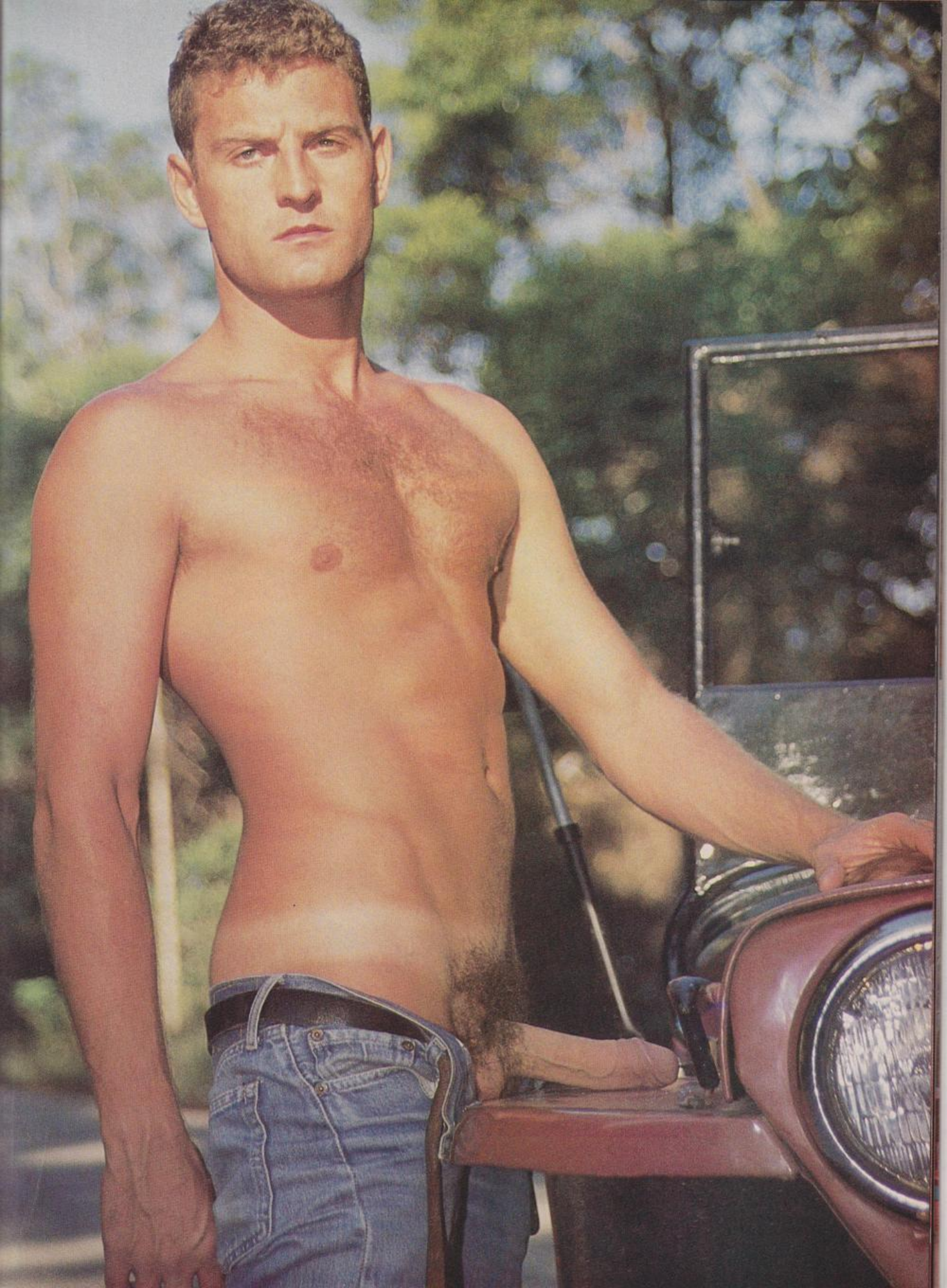
SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTEN BJORN

Bet you're glad you took that detour about a mile back; look what's waiting for you. Seems you've wandered onto a private road and this stud is going to have to check you out. He's got the equipment to do it right.

ROADBLOCK JOCK

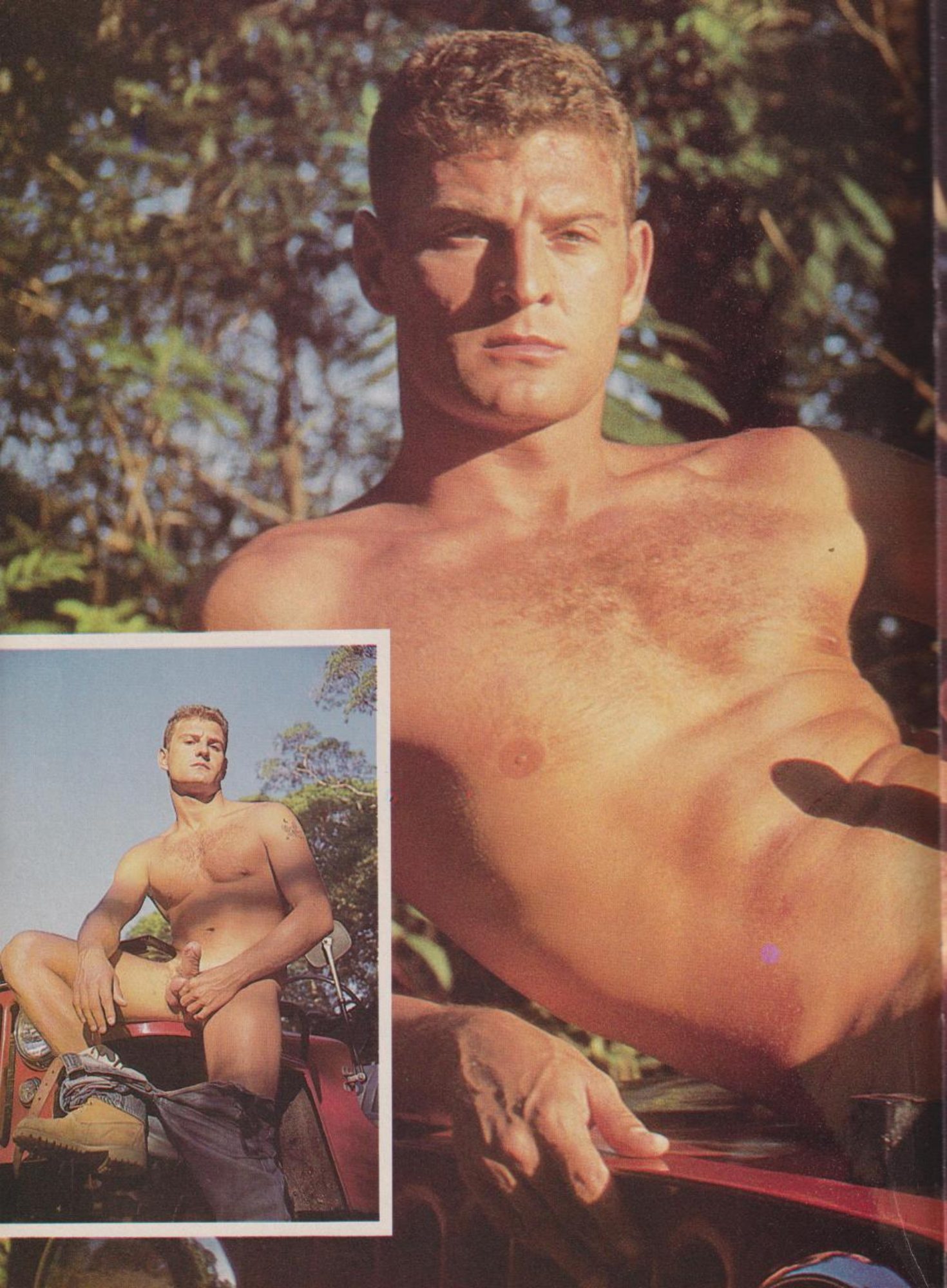


Falling rocks aren't a problem up here, but he's got a rising cock that needs attention. This roadside inspection is going to be a long one.



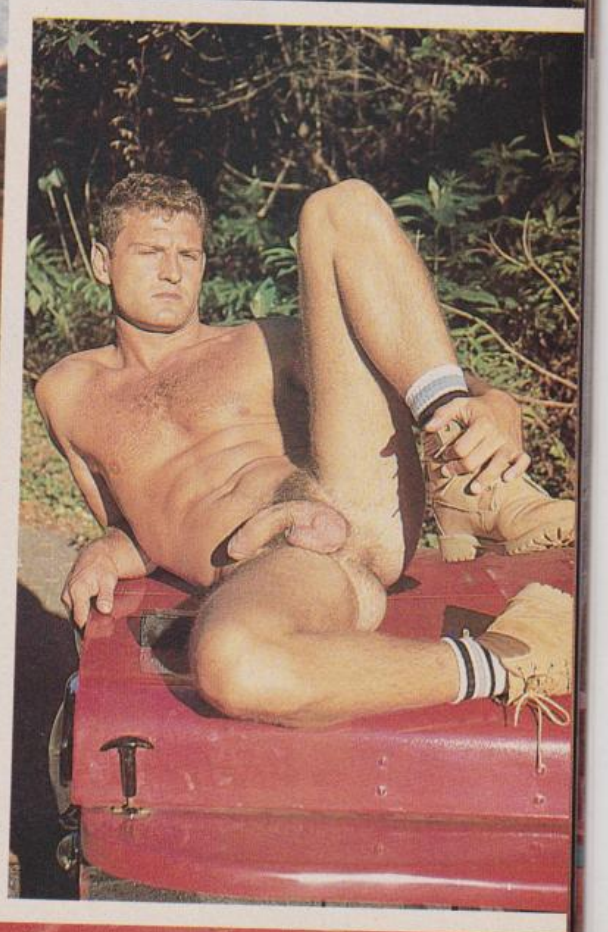
ROADBLOCK JOCK

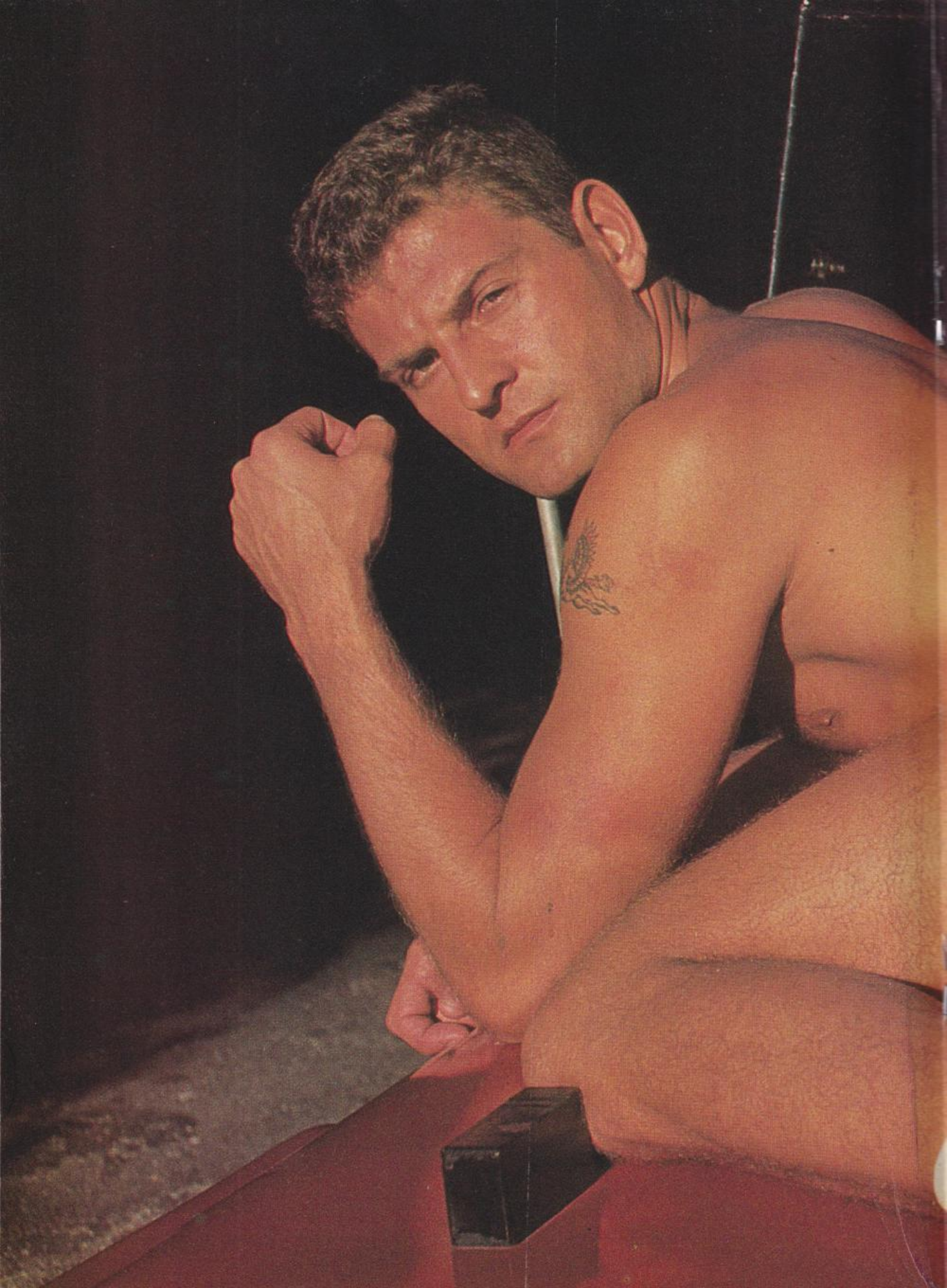
Don't bother showing him your license and registration; that won't help. There's only one way to get past this roadblock; you have to know the password. Today the password is "blow-job."

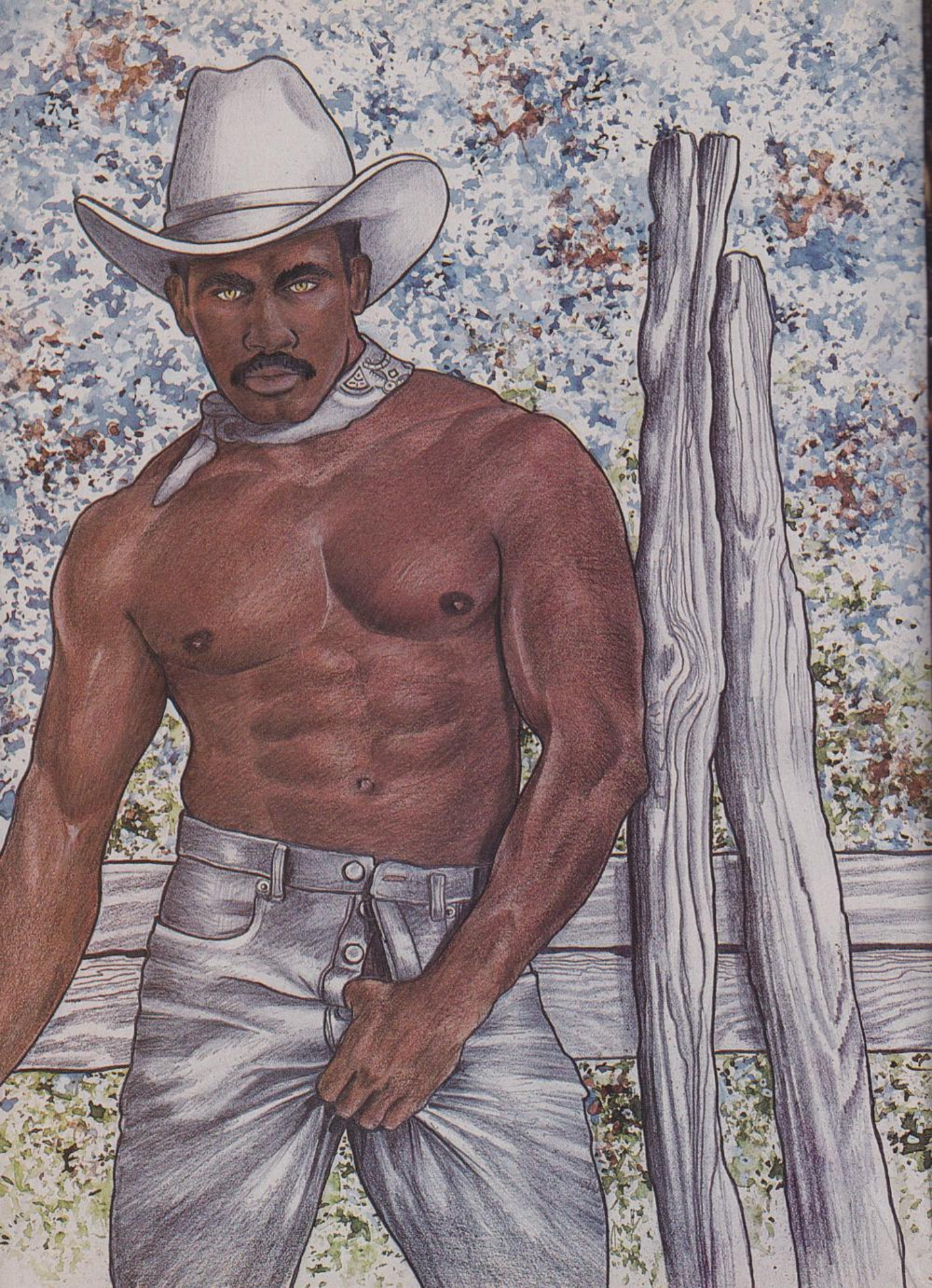


ROADBLOCK JOCK

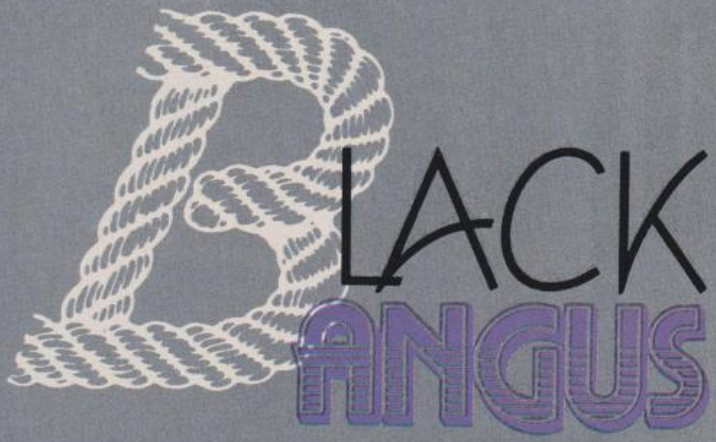
Forget about the rest of your journey and spend some time with him. He must be impressed because there are only a few guys who can make him yield. It's going to be a humpy ride.







I didn't see any bull, but leaning against a split-rail fence was a towering black man. He looked seven feet tall. Pulled low over his wide brow was a white Stetson.



BY JOSH LLOYD • ART BY PETROSKI

"I don't want to go to Wyoming," I bawled. I was a six-foot two high school graduate, and here I was behaving like a first grader; but I didn't care. I had been looking forward to a summer of surfing on the beach near our condo in Los Angeles, and I sure didn't want to bury myself on Uncle Ned's ranch in Ox Butte, Wyoming.

"Stop whining!" Dad barked. "Todd, we've been over this a hundred times. You agreed to earn part of your college tuition by getting a summer job."

"Yeah, but I was thinking of flipping burgers or lifeguarding." Both were less strenuous than cattle punching, and both would give me more opportunity to meet girls. Linda, my steady girlfriend, had long blond hair and a dynamite body, but she wouldn't put out. So with Linda back East for the summer, I could find somebody more cooperative. But if I had to go to Ox Butte I could kiss my chances of getting laid goodbye.

I couldn't say that to Dad, of course. I censored it a little: "Dad, I'll be lonely in Ox Butte without my friends." An innocent reason, and also true. I didn't know a soul in Wyoming except Uncle Ned, and I hadn't seen him in ten years. He wasn't my blood uncle, just a guy who had been Dad's best friend and had later married Dad's sister Marcia. They hung around our place a lot when I was little, but then they divorced and Ned moved to Wyoming. Mom and Aunt Marcia never talked about Ned; they got mad if anyone even mentioned his name. Only Dad had kept in touch. Now he was trying to force me to continue the friendship.

"You won't be alone with Uncle Ned," Dad pointed out. "He has other ranch hands. A whole bunkhouse full. Most of them are about your age. You'll also see a lot of Black Angus on the ranch."

Ha ha. If that was a joke, it was a feeble one. Cows weren't my idea of company, and neither were cowboys. Those hicks probably didn't know a surfboard from a branding iron. But Dad's mind was made up. Some vacation; shoveling manure with a bunch of sweaty guys, miles from the nearest female! Try as I would, I couldn't find one thing to look forward to.

* * *

I flirted outrageously with the stewardess on the flight to Wyoming. I figured she was the last woman I'd see for a long, long time.

Uncle Ned was waiting at the airport with two of his ranch hands. Yeah, they were about my age, but otherwise Dad had been dead wrong about them. They stood behind Uncle Ned with their legs spread apart, looking more like bodyguards than cowhands. The one with brown hair had his fists on his hips and his heavy black eyebrows drawn into a scowl. The blond frowned sternly, and the arms folded across his massive chest were covered with gaudy tattoos.

As for Uncle Ned, he gave me the creeps. I didn't know why, because he wasn't an ugly man. The thick chestnut hair falling boyishly over his unlined brow was only slightly touched by gray, and his body was in better shape than my father's. He wasn't cruel or standoffish, either. If anything, his greeting was overly enthusiastic.

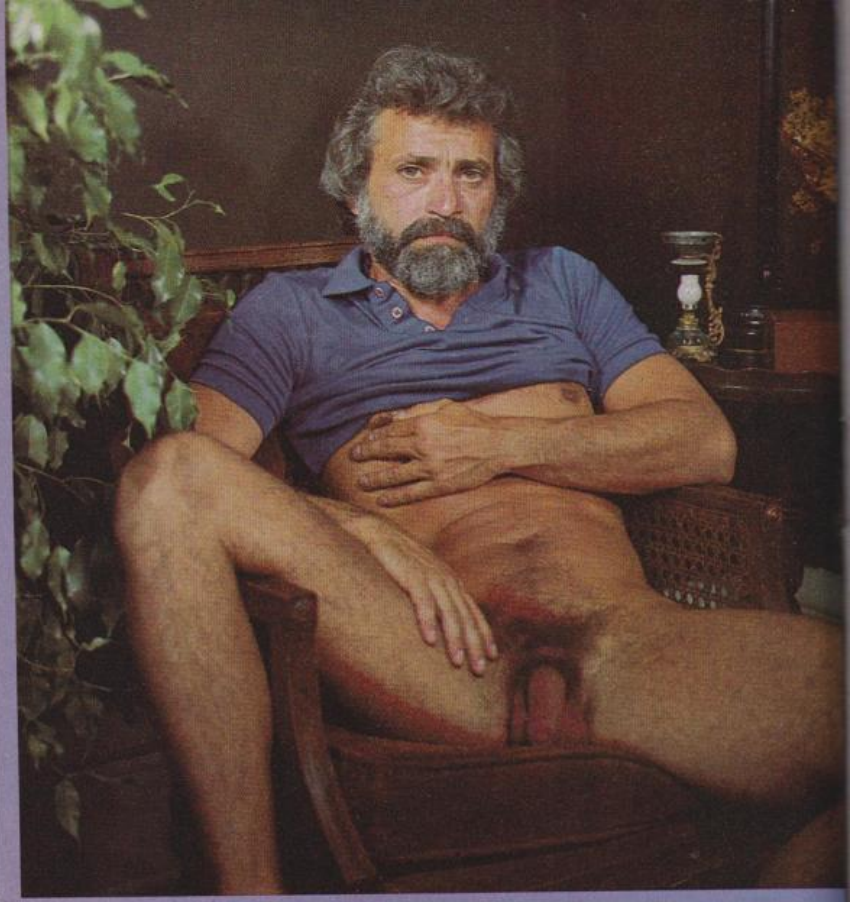
"Todd, how you've grown!" he exclaimed. He eyed my athletic frame. Maybe it was my imagination, but I didn't like where his eyes were lingering. Then he pulled me into a tight embrace. "What's it been? Ten years? You're even stronger and handsomer than I imagined."

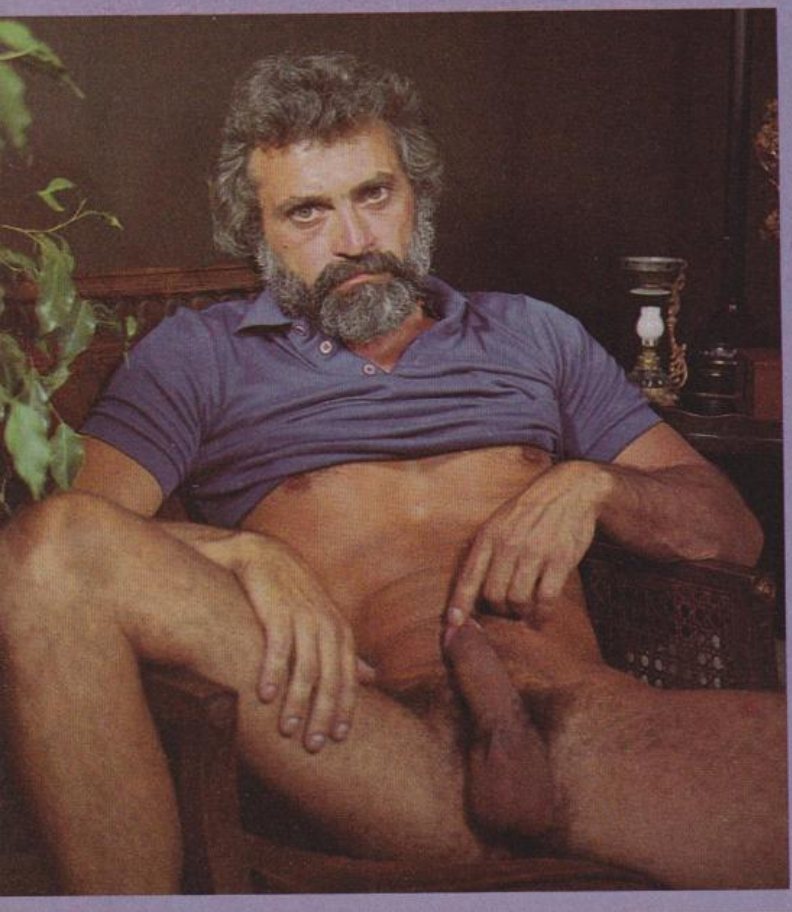
"Thanks," I murmured, trying in vain to struggle out of the crushing hug.

"And you're so blond," Ned gushed,

Continued to page 70

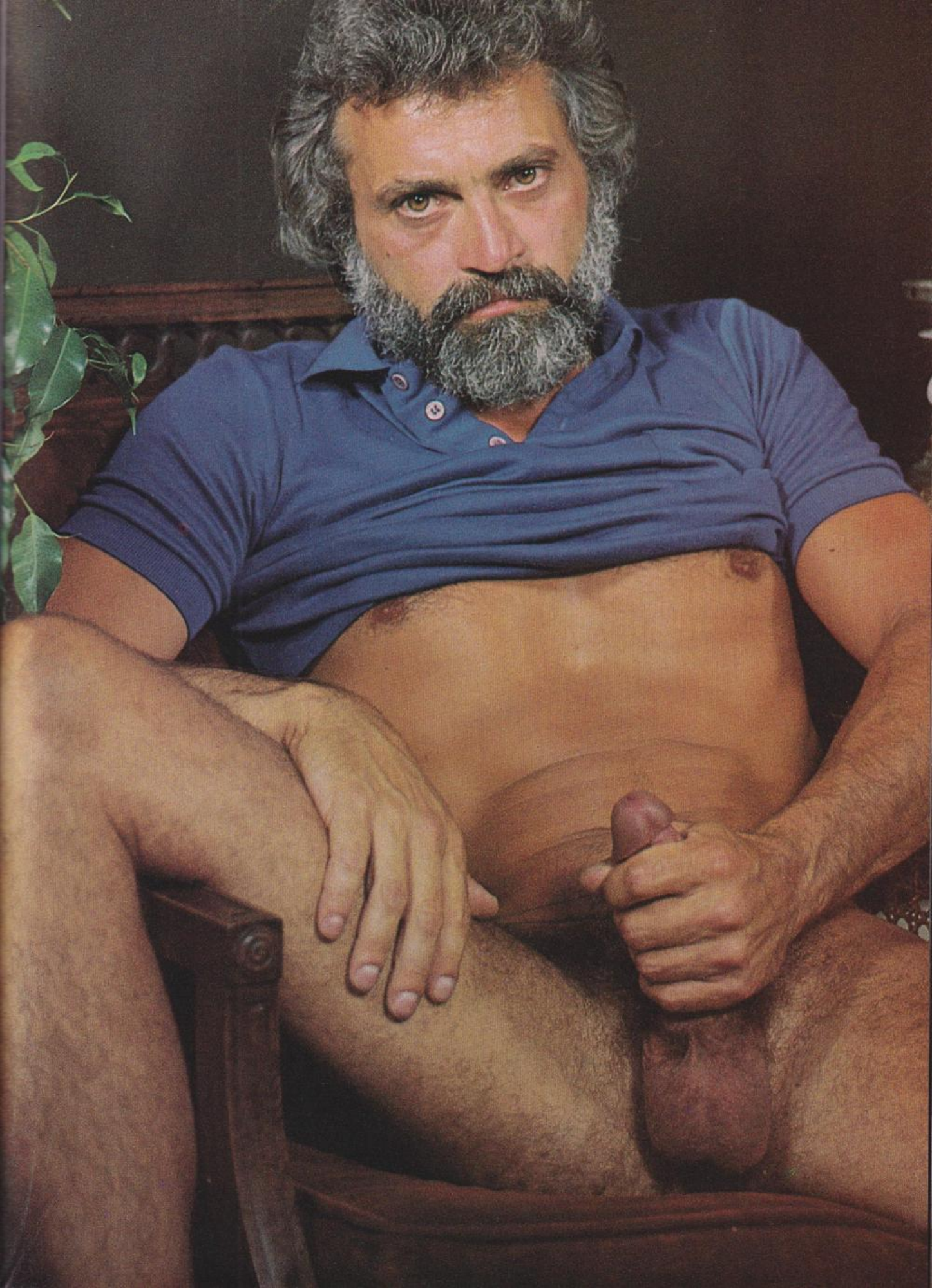
My HARD Belongs To Daddy

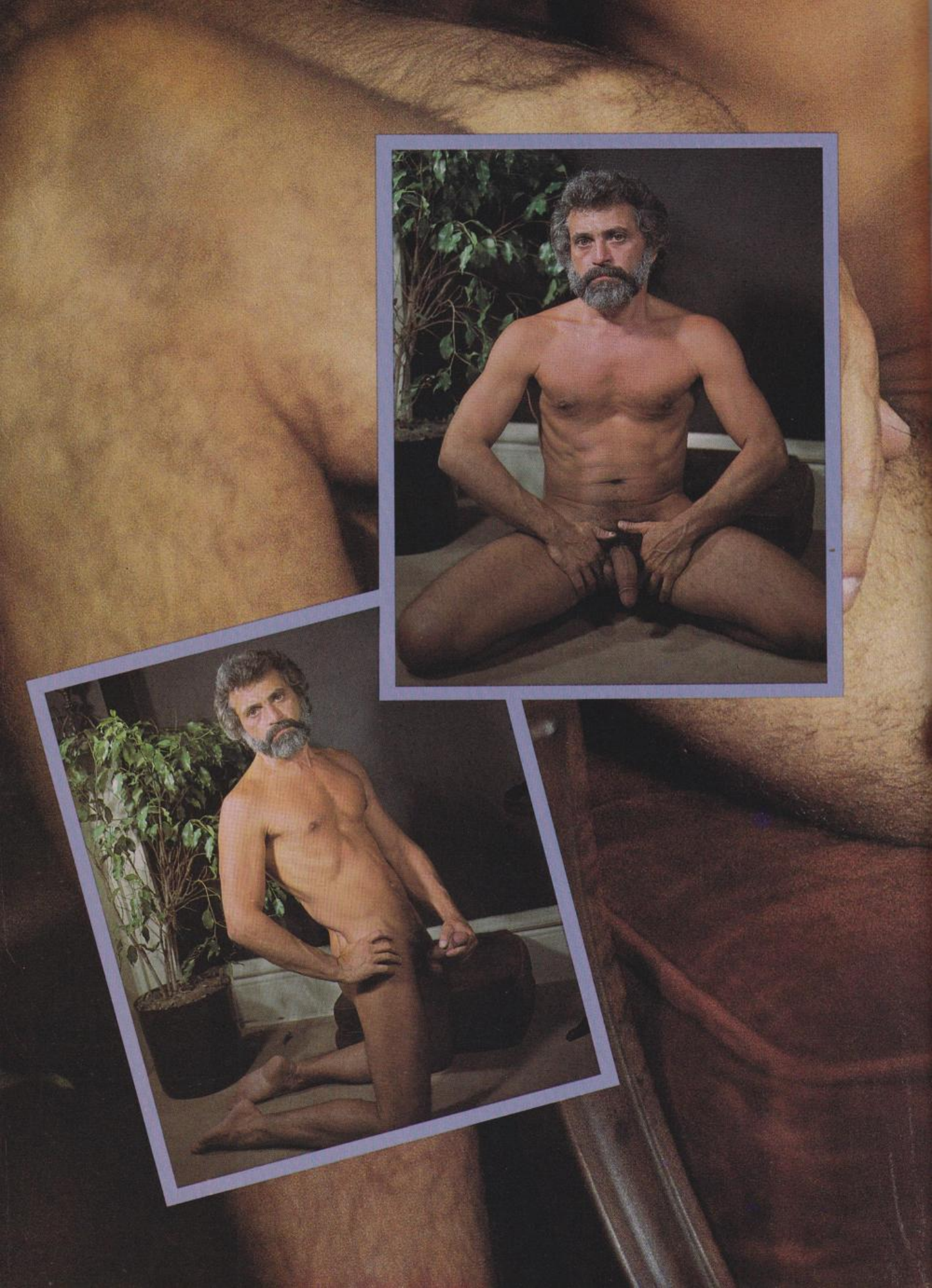


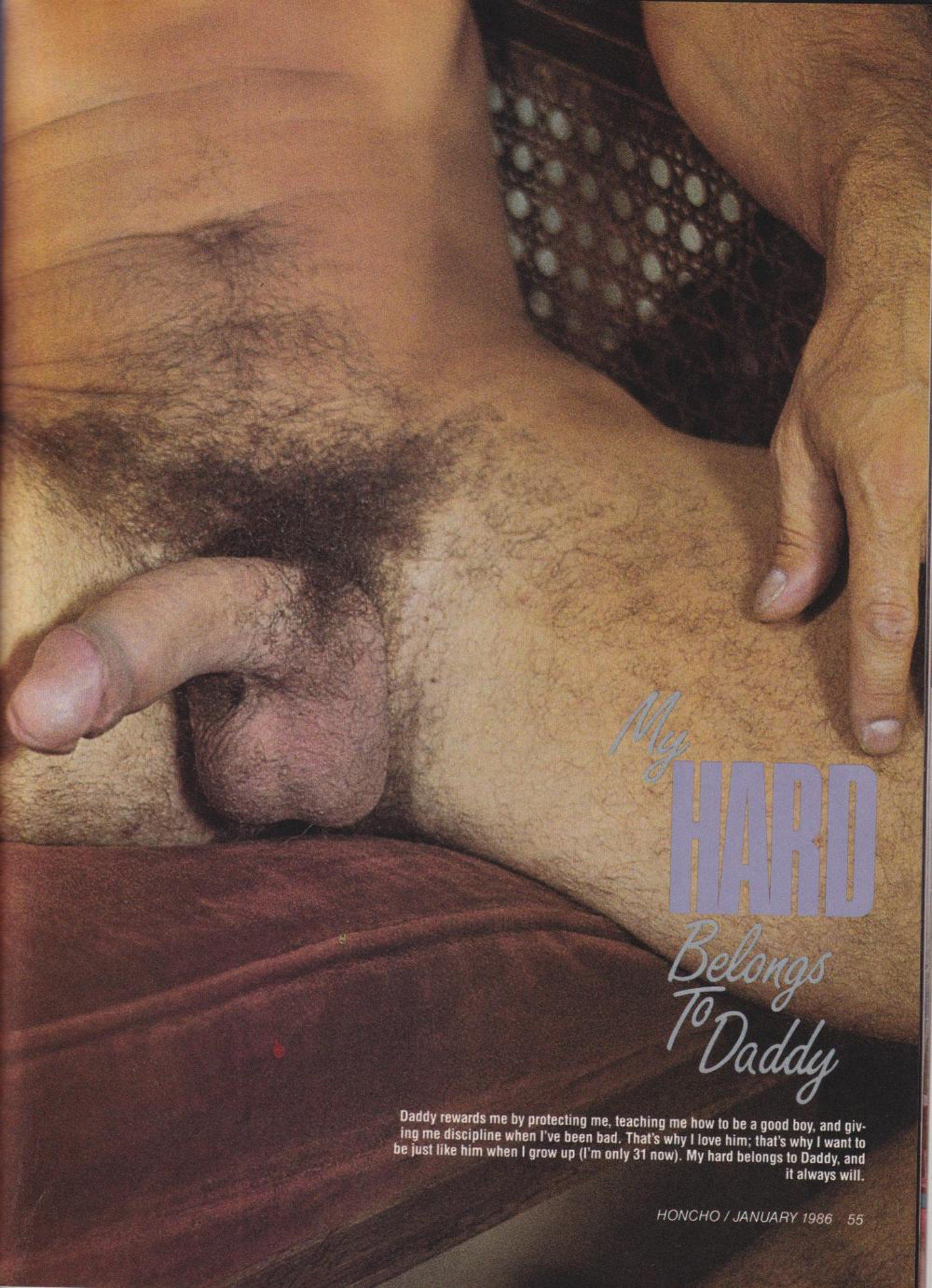


He's not my real daddy, of course; no one ever had a real daddy this hot. But since I became his boy, he treats me like a son. He teaches me things I never knew about before: how to serve and service; how to make Daddy's dick feel good; how to relax him after a hard day (or a hard night).

Section photographed by Romeo







My HARD Belongs To Daddy

Daddy rewards me by protecting me, teaching me how to be a good boy, and giving me discipline when I've been bad. That's why I love him; that's why I want to be just like him when I grow up (I'm only 31 now). My hard belongs to Daddy, and it always will.

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DREAMING OF MR. JIM

Continued from page 12

got lost in possibilities.

Rossi stood immobile, glaring. At last Simmonds moaned. He eased his hand under his fatigues and started fondling his cock.

Rossi laughed. "Fuckin' queer!" he snarled, and kicked him. Immediately he felt a hand coaxing his foot forward: a mouth, a tongue licking his toes.

The fairy was writhing now, sucking his toes, thrusting his hips to meet his fist. He pounded his meat as if it were a slave to be beaten into submission, while sucking wildly on the many-headed cock.

Rossi stood observing. Simmonds shot his load. Rossi pulled his foot away, bent over the contorted face, and spat repeatedly. He went to his pile of gear and dressed. The back of his hand wiped the drop of fluid that lubed the head of his cock. He glanced at Simmonds, who was convulsing with the after-shock of orgasm.

"Fairy-boy," Rossi said, "hope it was worth it to you. You just got yourself a Court Martial right out of the Corps."

Simmonds braced himself on both arms; his mouth was open in shock and puzzlement. Rossi spat on the ground. Simmonds stared at him, then lowered himself back to the ground. He turned onto his side.

As Rossi buttoned his fatigue jacket, he noted the irregular heaves of Simmonds' chest. He was crying. Rossi bloused his pant legs into his boots, put his steel pot on, and glanced again at the form lying almost naked. He slung his M16 over his shoulder and knelt beside Simmonds. "Our relief transport will be here at 1800 hours," he said. "Have your gear packed. When we get back to garrison, you are to accompany me to the First Sergeant's office. And that's an order, Corporal."

That afternoon Sergeant Rossi sat within the three standing walls of the farmhouse and worked on his statement for the Court Martial of John Simmonds: how Simmonds had kept staring at him, then started masturbating, then pulled Rossi's foot forward and licked his toes, and how Rossi had taken no part, except just standing.

Meows and rubbings against his legs broke his thoughts. Rossi looked down at Felix, a yellow tiger cat—besides the Marines, the sole occupant of the hill. He opened a box of C-rations, took out the Sliced Turkey in Gravy, and emptied it on the ground. Felix gulped it, purring loudly. "Wish you were a dog, Felix," he said. "What's a cat good for anyway? Even your people didn't want you." He watched the cat eat and clean himself, lapping his paws and rubbing them over his face.

Out the window sunlight gleamed off dog tags. A hand rested on an M16. Rossi stared at it: a soldier's coiled repose. But then he became aware of the form's near nakedness. A counterfeit Marine, a fag. He shook his head in disgust and re-read his statement.

Simmonds came in and assembled his gear. Rossi did not speak to him. As the shadows lengthened, Simmonds sat outside on his field-pack next to the cracked wall of the farmhouse.

An hour before the transport was due, a jeep rattled up the hill. First Sergeant "Top" Nathaniel, a tall, rugged black man with gray at his temples, got out. Top nodded to McKee on surveillance in the trench. Rossi came out of the house and went to the jeep.

Instead of putting on his fatigue pants, he pulled on his green jockstrap and lay on a smooth rock. The sergeant was just dozing off as the foot brushed his. He jerked his foot away.

"Hello, Sergeant," Top said. "Come on over here," he called to Simmonds, standing now next to the wall.

"Transport will not be here, men. You're not being relieved, and I don't know when you will be." Top wasted no words, but laid the facts before them: the barracks at garrison had been bombed. Delta platoon was just about all that was left of the entire company.

"Now I'm doing something that's not authorized, but I've got the connections to get them through," Top said. As he spoke he took a notebook from his pocket. "I don't want your folks to worry whether you were among the 257 casualties, so I'm having telegrams sent. To speed things, give me the name and address of the person I should send it to. Rossi?"

He gave his mother's address.

"Simmonds?"

There was silence. Top jerked his head from his notebook to the young Corporal. "No one, Top," Simmonds said, lowering his eyes to the ground.

"Come on, Simmonds," Top encouraged.

Simmonds slowly turned to Rossi. His gaze searched the dark eyes.

Top shot glances back and forth between them; soon his glances turned to scowls and his jaws clenched.

Simmonds pried his eyes from Rossi and looked squarely at Top. "There's no one, no one at all."

"Simmonds, you didn't get in the Corps without putting a name on a form for somebody to be notified in case you get killed. I want that name NOW, Corporal."

"Okay, Top." His voice was lifeless. He cleared his throat. "It's Sister Teresa Mary Ellis, DDM, St. John's Orphanage..."

Rossi turned his head, squinting, brows furrowed. He didn't know that. He tried to picture himself growing up in an orphanage.

"Corner Emerson and State Streets, New Haven, Connecticut." As he finished, he avoided looking at Top or Rossi. He searched the horizon and saw a couple of swallows darting here and there.

"Now I don't know what crap's going on up here," Top said, "but put it back of you NOW. Do you hear that, Sergeant? Corporal?"

"Top, I've got to speak to you," Rossi said.

"Whatever it is, Sergeant, it's not important."

Then Top spoke about the need to work as a team. Rossi did not hear him, though. He was remembering another talk he had had with Top in the middle of the night a week ago aboard the transport.

It had been an hour or so after lights out. The snores of the sleeping men filled the Berthing Area. But here and there in the dark were the muffled, hidden sounds of Marines jerking off. Somehow the regulations against it

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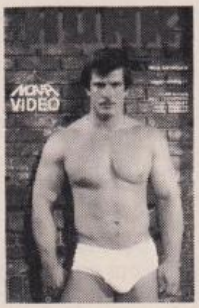

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didn't satisfy the needs of young, hairy balls. Rossi, on the top rack, had been one of those, meeting his needs himself. With swift, sure strokes he throttled his cock as the rough blanket over him jumped up and down. From the next bunk a hand lifted the edge of the blanket and a head eased under it. Rossi knew it was Private Mike Hunter. He kept on jerking his meat. Within seconds he felt breath on his thigh and a sandpaper face brushed him. Then a warm tongue moistened his fist as it continued its task. The head eased itself over the shaft to take it. As it did, Rossi tightened his fist. With full force he smashed it upward: a hollow thud, the snap of jawbones, a scream of pain.

Rossi jumped to the deck. "Goddamn faggot!" he shouted. Through the room the snoring ceased. The silence was stark. Rossi pulled up his shorts and said, "Get your pansy ass down here, Hunter. I'm marching you to First Sergeant."

Top had Hunter placed under arrest and escorted to sick bay. Then, standing alone in his doorway and looking sternly down at Rossi, who was grinning, Top said, "Regulations may be regulations, but I have no heart for this, young Sergeant."

Top invited Rossi in and the two Marines sat on Top's bunk as he related a personal incident from his Vietnam days.

The racket of helicopters overhead eased Rossi back into the present. Top was cautioning them to keep on their guard, telling of additional casualties—Sergeant Gibbs and Private Mitchell—at a site nine miles to the north. Top promised their mail and rations would be brought out the next day, and left.

As Simmonds went inside, Rossi went to the trench and explained to McKee what Top had told them.

"Do you mean they killed 'em dead?" McKee asked.

"Yeah, Bear. 257 men."

"Ya know, Sarge, they shouldn't've done that. That makes me mad."

"Yeah." Rossi then relieved the simple Lance Corporal early, and stood in the trench alone with his thoughts.

Rossi surveyed the motionless quadrant, plagued by fragments of what Top had told him that night last week aboard the transport. Again he heard bits of Top's tale as clearly as if Top had stood beside him now: *I'll never forget his name...crawled out across a mine field, under enemy fire...the rumor at the hospital was Kane was gay.*

As darkness came, Rossi could see again the distant orange glow of conflict. Three quarters of his company was being shipped back to the States, dead, 257 men, to be buried on native soil.

Druze, PLO, Christian Militia, Israel, Syria, Moslems. What the hell was it about?

Felix gave up chasing mice or whatever it was he was chasing, and joined him. With binoculars in one hand, the other hand petting the straggly cat, stroking it from head to tail, Rossi watched the stillness in the quadrant. Top's voice came back to him: *It's about men and respect. . . gay. . . not saying I approve it. . . he risked his life.*

The moon was low overhead when Simmonds approached, making enough noise to be heard, and jumped into the trench. "Corporal Simmonds reporting for duty, Sergeant."

Rossi stared at him. Again Top's voice: *died, had not Kane, a queer you'd call him.* He looked at his watch and from the corner of his eye he saw Felix disappearing into a clump of scrub growth 30 yards to the left. "It's yours, Corporal."

As he left, Simmonds stopped him: "Sarge, are you really going to turn me in?"

Simmonds stood in the trench looking up. In the moonlight his steel pot cast a shadow across the bridge of his nose.

"I don't know, Corporal."

"Thanks."

Rossi looked at him, puzzled.

"Well, that's something, I guess," Simmonds said. This time his head did not tilt.

"Yeah," Rossi said and returned to the farmhouse.

He slept uneasily and was half-awake at mid-morning when Simmonds, across the room, stripped and crawled into his bag. He zipped it up to his thigh. Rossi lay still, as silent as a priest hearing confession. Through half-closed eyes that blurred his vision, Rossi watched the sun play in Simmonds' hair and over his shoulders. His flesh was clear, like the angels' translucent skin on the altar at St. Joseph's. And he was athletic, broad and strong, a couple of inches taller than himself. But a fag. It didn't mesh. Rossi wondered how he got like that.

The racket of helicopters in formation convinced Rossi that whether he had slept that night or not, he wasn't going to do so now. He slipped on his pants, lit a cigarette, and went over to Simmonds.

"Simmonds, let's talk."

"Sure."

Rossi sat on the planks that elevated Simmonds' sleeping bag off the floor. He offered a cigarette. Simmonds shook his head.

"About what you asked me last night," Rossi said. "I don't know if I'm going to turn you in."

"It's never come up before, not in two years, Sarge."

"Are you saying you're really not queer?"

Simmonds probed Rossi's eyes. For a long moment he didn't answer. Then: "No, Sarge, I'll be honest with you. I am."

Rossi exhaled a long stream of smoke, watching it billow and vanish. "How'd you get like that, Simmonds?"

"I'll take that cigarette now," Simmonds said, propping himself against the wall.

Rossi offered him one and lit it for him. Through the window a single white cloud hung in the sky.

"Thanks," Simmonds said. "I've always been gay, I guess. I remember at the Home—oh, I was just seven or eight—I would sit at my desk next to my bunk and look out the window at Mr. Jim. He wasn't too old—I think it was his first job. He had huge arms and a sloping forehead, hair all over his chest and down his back. He was the maintenance man, gardener, and everything else. I used to sit there and watch him sweating with his wheelbarrow and shovels. He really loved his garden.

"The week before Thanksgiving, all the nuns were on retreat. Father Clement and Mr. Jim were left in charge. We were playing keep-away in the yard and I fell in his chrysanthemum bed. He was mad as hell. He took me downstairs to the boiler-room, pulled off my sweater, tied my wrists to the pipes overhead with electrical tape, and pulled my pants off. He beat me with his belt. With each strike I screamed and jolted. It was hot and my sweat made the marks feel like they were burning. After a while he started caressing me and kissing me and saying he was sorry. He untied me and held me. I hugged him back. Then we wrestled and I was on the floor, lying on my back, naked. Mr. Jim was on top of me, spreading my legs with his arms. Then...well, it hurt; it hurt real bad. But he was smiling and he had a happy, contented look. For the next couple of years he used to bring me chewing gum, tootsie rolls, things like that. But for the slightest thing he would take me to the boiler-room. I didn't tell anybody, though. But then he joined the Merchant Marines, and I never saw him again."

Rossi told Simmonds to get some sleep. Then he stripped, went to the barrel, shaved, and washed. He kept thinking of Simmonds as a boy, and of Mr. Jim. Alternately he would get angry at the thought, then the anger would pass and his cock would swell as he pictured himself doing it.

Back inside, naked, his towel around his neck, Rossi stood over the sleeping man. Simmonds moaned, tossed, rolled on his back with his arms bent and lying on both sides of his head. The cotton of his underwear was stretched by hard cock. "Dreaming of Mr. Jim," Rossi whispered. He whispered it again: "Dreaming of Mr. Jim."

Anger and lust mingled in Rossi; all at once he was no longer a Marine, but back on the streets, a punk, alone with a fairy-boy and no one would know.

Leaping, Rossi pounced astride him, pinning Simmonds' arms with his knees while his hard cock flared in Simmonds' face. Rossi slapped him repeatedly: "So you're a fairy, huh? Take care of it, fag."

Rossi pulled Simmonds' head forward into his crotch. Simmonds struggled to free himself. But his arms were pinned, his neck bent, and two hands kept his face in the crotch.

"You worked up for it enough?" Rossi said. He eased the pressure on Simmonds' head.

"You think you're so fucking hot! Don't you, Sarge?" Simmonds gasped.

Rossi was enraged. With one hand he clenched the head to crotch again, grinding black crotch hair into blond face. With the other he reached behind him, grabbed balls, squeezed, wrenched, twisted.

"You don't need these. You're gonna get mine, so what do you need yours for?"

For minutes Rossi tortured Simmonds' balls, and ground the face repeatedly into his crotch. The hard-on in back of him told him that Simmonds' resistance was overcome. Again he eased the pressure on Simmonds' head. The tongue started licking.

"That's it, lick my balls, queer. You like those heavy things, huh? Like them better than your own, right?" He wrenched Simmonds' balls in his fist. The face grimaced and stopped servicing. He eased his grip, and the tongue licked hungrily.

"That's a good mouth. But you know, it really ain't doing nothing," Rossi said. He threw his legs behind him, pinning Simmonds' wrists with his hands. He thrust his cock deep into the mouth. Gagging sounds.

He pulled out and started fucking the face. It coughed and gagged.

"Too big for ya, huh? Well, I'll show you how big it is," he said. He forced all his weight to his cock, stuffing the throat, holding his dick there. The face gagged once and tried to cough, but couldn't.

Rossi watched the face as he wiggled his hips sideways. The face started to turn red. The eyes opened—a panicked look. In back, the legs started thrashing.

"Good fairy. You like that, huh? So happy you can't keep your feet still, huh? Good boy. Is it big enough for you?"

The kicking was frenzied.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to take it away from you. That's a good boy."

The face was turning blue.

"Oh, that's good. You're a chameleon, too. White, red, blue. That's good. Marine one day, fuck-boy the next. Is that right?"

The face was blue, the swollen eyes popping.

Rossi jumped to a kneeling position and slapped the face again. It coughed, tried to catch its breath, inhaled deeply through the mouth. Rossi grabbed the rope that hung from a spike on the wall. He tied it around each ankle. Simmonds was still coughing, his hands on his throat. "You're a good fairy-boy. That's a good mouth," Rossi said. Hoisting the legs, he tied them to a beam in the bombed-out roof. As he did, bits of rock and debris fell. "Now we'll see how good your ass is. But first we've got to make it pretty for me. Red's a pretty color. Let's make it red. Whacha say?"

He picked up a plank and mauled the ass. The mouth groaned loudly. With each whack it groaned again and again.

"Good boy. Having fun? Did Mr. Jim beat you harder? Maybe like this?" He grasped the plank with both hands and blasted. No groan came forth. But teeth were bared, jaws clenched, eyes squeezed shut.

"Oh, that's pretty. A nice red ass. Can you be good now?" Rossi said. Standing between the hoisted legs, he cut them free. They fell with a thud.

Still standing, Rossi spat into his hand three times, lubed his cock, spat a couple of more times and lubed again. He knelt between the legs. They lifted and rested on his shoulders.

"Fuck me, Sarge. Go ahead, fuck me!"

Rossi did. His cock wrenched the sphincter. His balls slapped against Simmonds' ass.

"Was Mr. Jim's cock bigger? Did he fuck you harder?"

Simmonds was jerking his meat, looking into Rossi's volcanic eyes. He moaned and pivoted his ass. At last Rossi groaned; his face contorted. He paused deep inside for a moment, pulled out, and after three more savage lunges, grimaced and groaned on each of the next slow six. Simmonds shot.

Rossi fell on him, exhausted. Simmonds enclosed him in his arms and kissed his shoulder. They slept.

At the rumble of helicopters, Rossi opened his eyes. Then he closed them again. He felt the sweat still on his back, the gentle rhythm of Simmonds' breathing. Rossi was aware that he had made some bizarre kind of love with a man. Yet he felt no incrimination. The flesh of the man sleeping beneath him, the arm that encircled him, were honest, soothing, real.

Again, Rossi opened his eyes for a moment. They fell on his M16 braced against the wall. That sight injected into his mind the larger world: the traditions of the Marine Corps, sharp salutes, and the obedience to regulations. And he was ashamed and angry, yet he did not move away from the man.

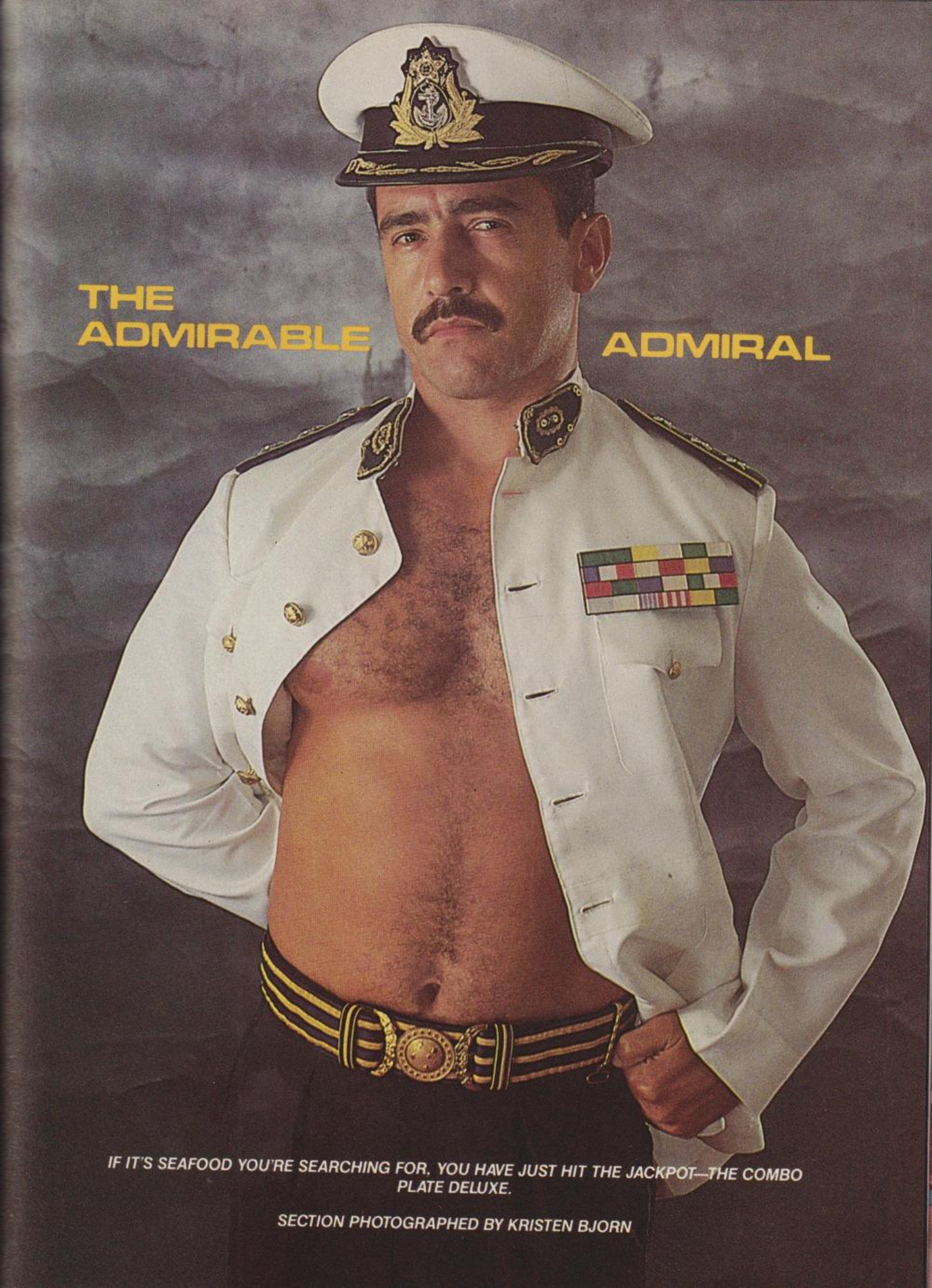
The arm still held him. Its weight was assuring. But that arm enmeshed him in perversion. But shouldn't perversion make his stomach churn? He had an obligation to look out for the welfare of his men. But was beating Simmonds till welts appeared looking out for his welfare? That, though, applied to men. The flesh under him was a faggot. A pastime in Pittsburgh had been luring and beating up fags. No trouble ever came from that. It's what men did. And queers accepted. Sure, Simmonds was a sharp Marine. But that was bogus, a charade, like the drags standing beside the whores on Dupont Street. Simmonds didn't belong in the Corps. He was perverted. It didn't matter how or why—the fact remained that he was less than a man. He was corrupting, and couldn't be trusted. He didn't belong with real men. There were reasons for regulations.

Simmonds moaned, wet his lips, turned his head. Rossi started to pull away, but he felt Simmonds massaging his shoulder in his sleep. He inhaled forbidden aromas—a man's flesh, the flesh he had beaten.

Rossi dozed again. Three officers sat on a bench. They struck gavels and Corporal Simmonds was falling through darkness into a pit. Below, molten lava seethed and the stench of sulfur burned Rossi's nostrils. Plummeting, Simmonds reached out to Rossi. Rossi offered his hand. Then he too was falling head first. Below, the lava glowed red and black. Huge bubbles rose, then burst, spewing smoke and steam. The two men struck the fiery lake, submerging. Below its surface, though, water-plants swayed in gentle currents. Multi-colored fish swam in schools, and the men swam with them, frolicking in the watery light. They went up for air. A waterfall cascaded. Birds fluttered and chirped overhead.

Helicopters again. Rossi opened his eyes: no waterfalls. Outside the window only red sand and stones. Rossi extricated himself from the embrace and

Continued to page 69



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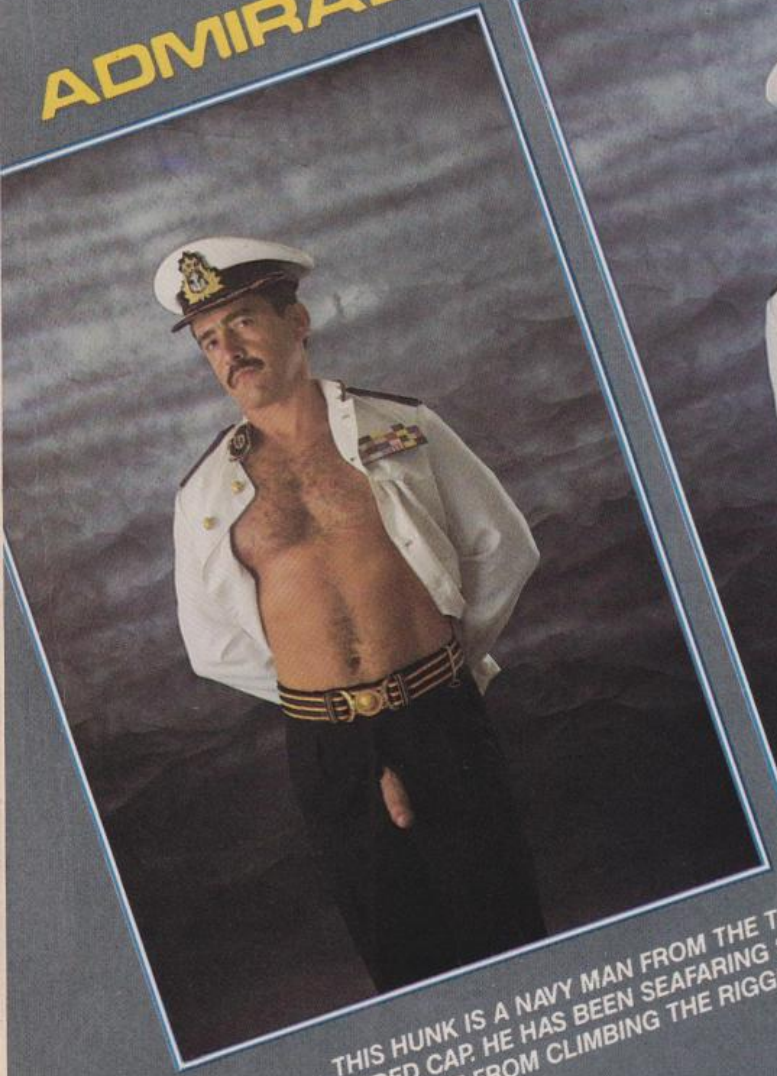
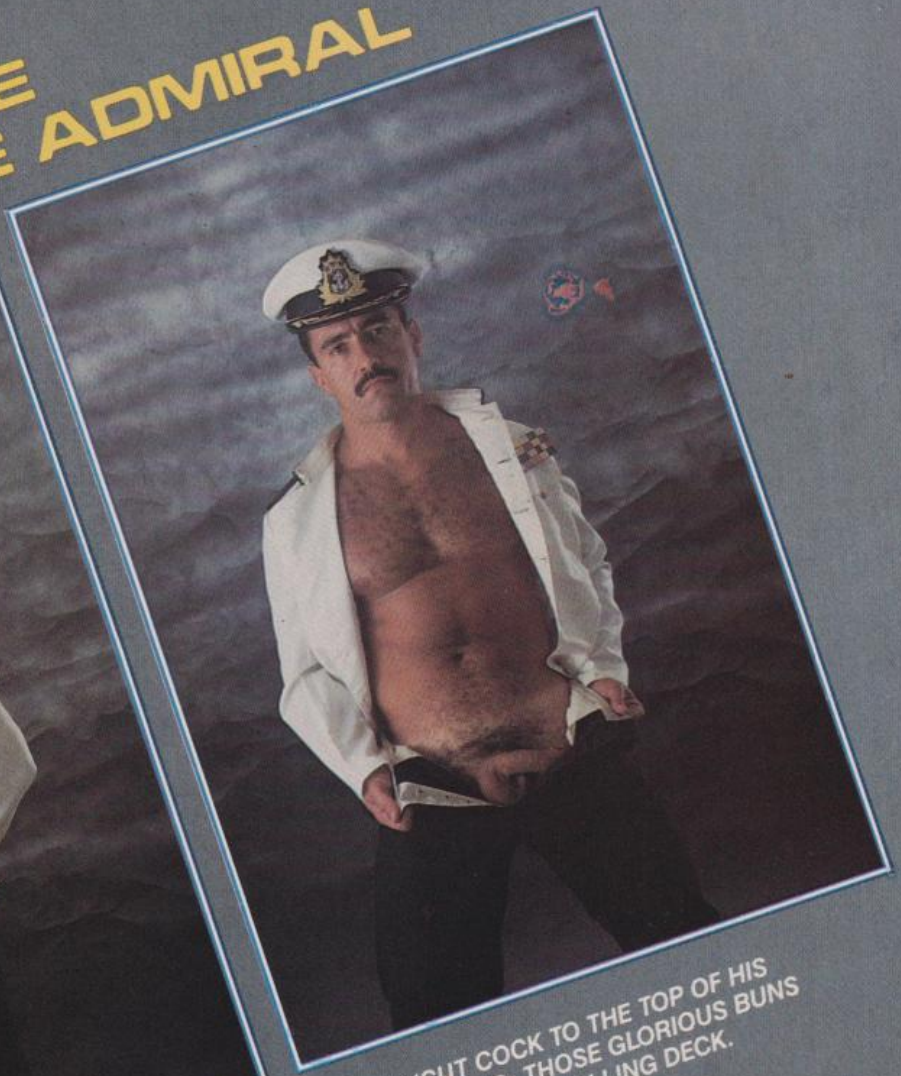
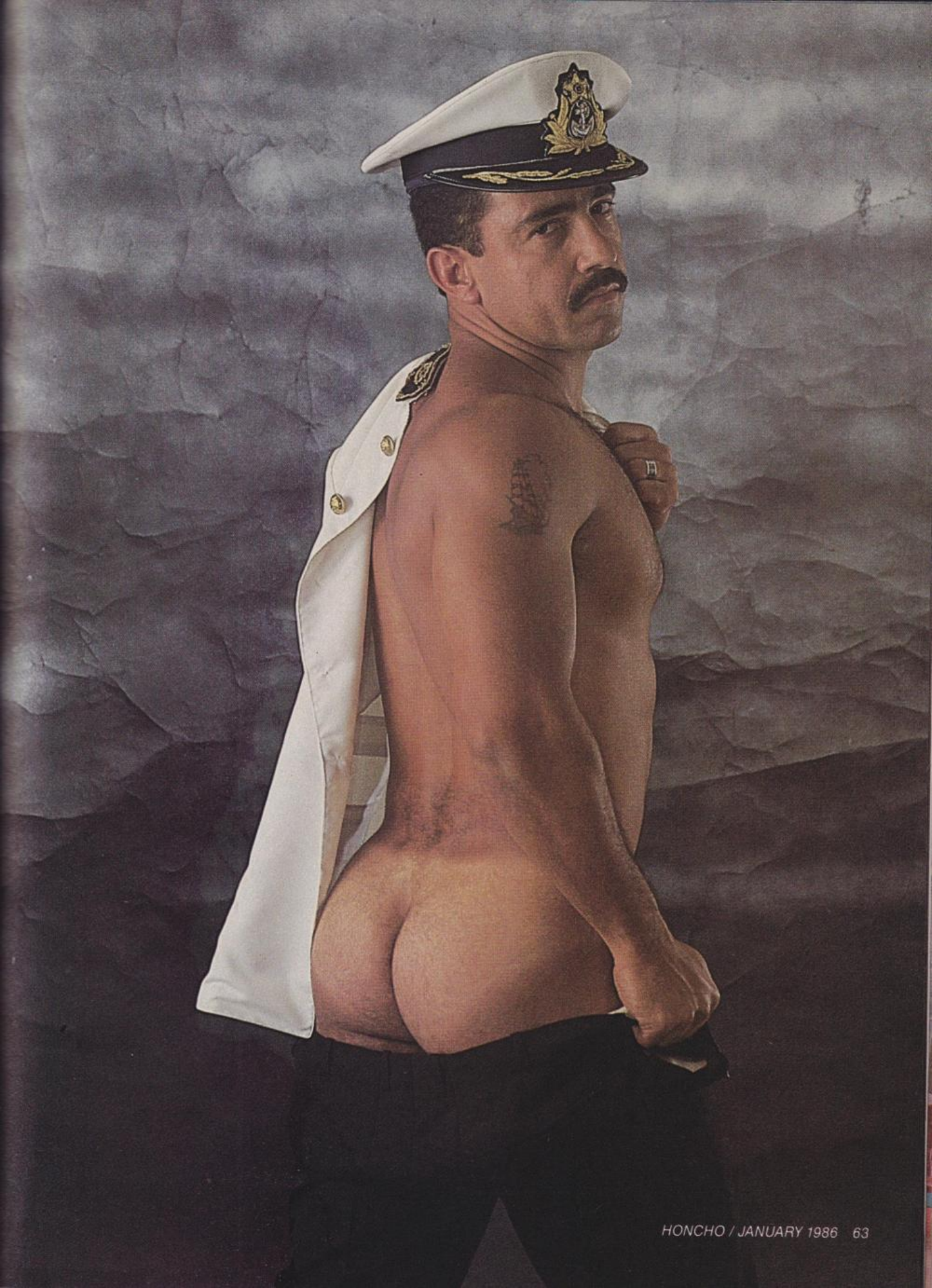




THIS HUNK IS A NAVY MAN FROM THE TIP OF HIS UNCUT COCK TO THE TOP OF HIS BRAIDED CAP. HE HAS BEEN SEAFARING SINCE HE WAS A LAD; THOSE GLORIOUS BUNS CAME FROM CLIMBING THE RIGGING AND WALKING ON A ROLLING DECK.



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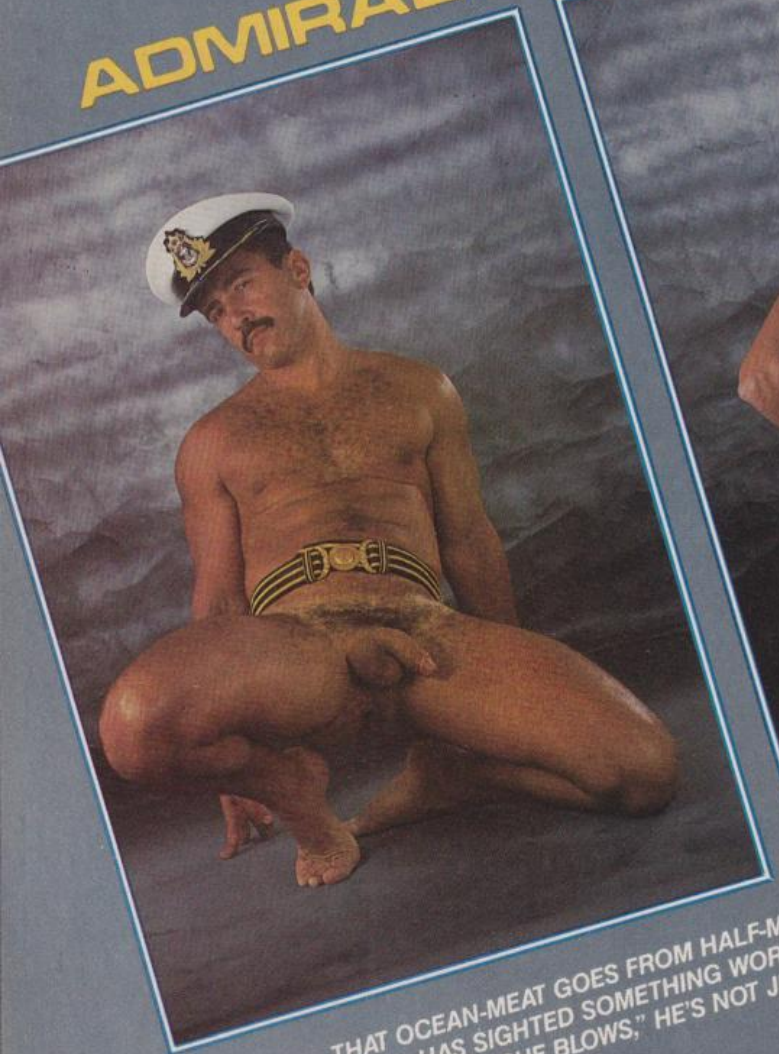

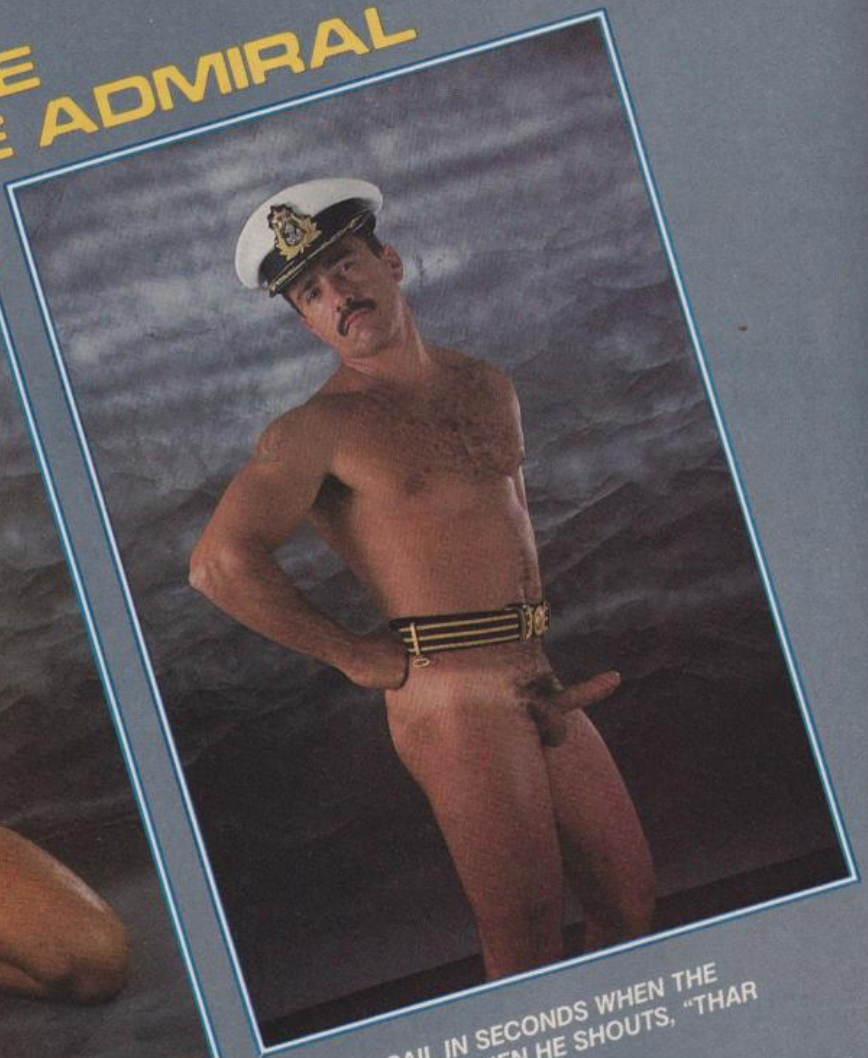

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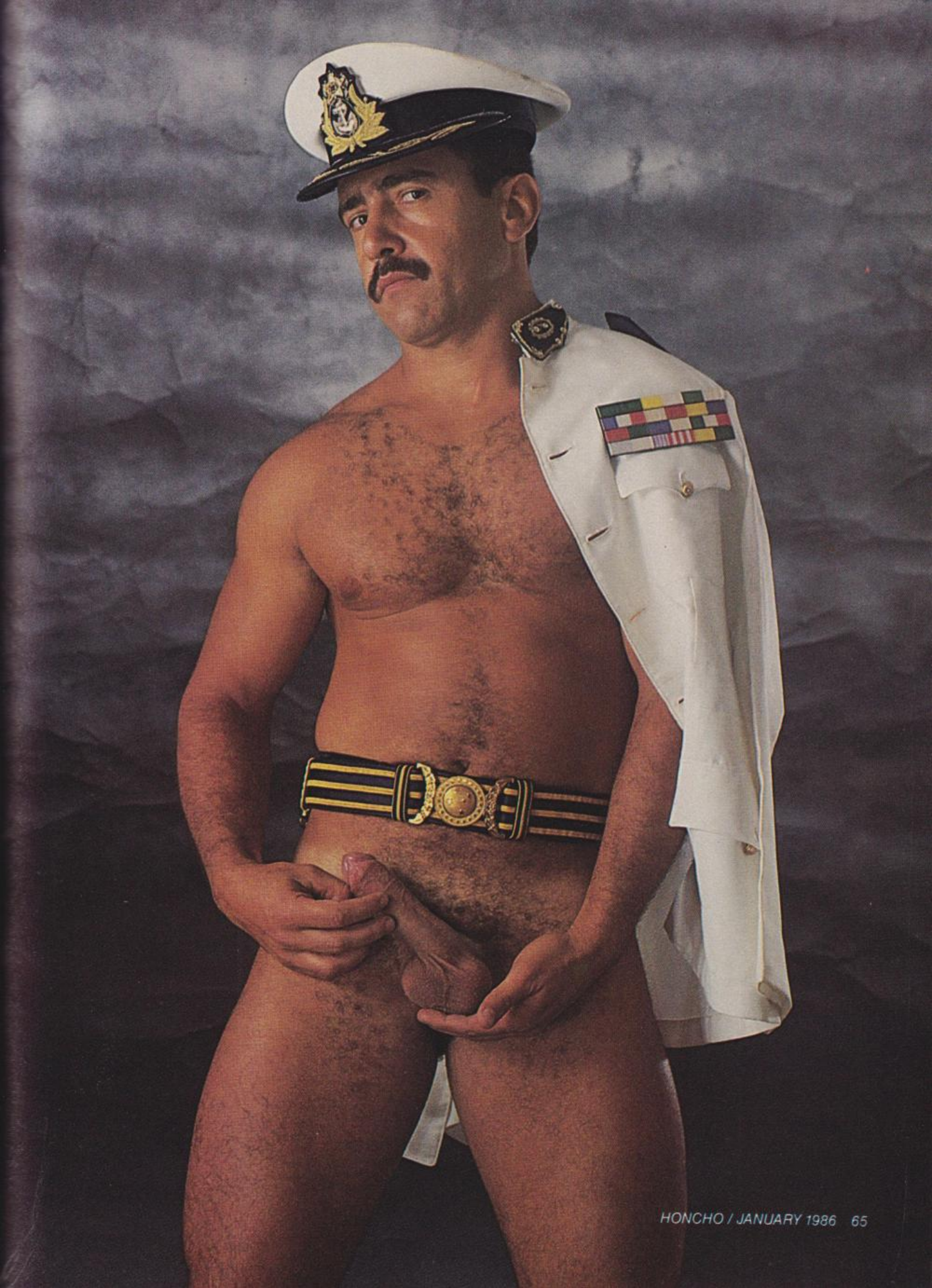

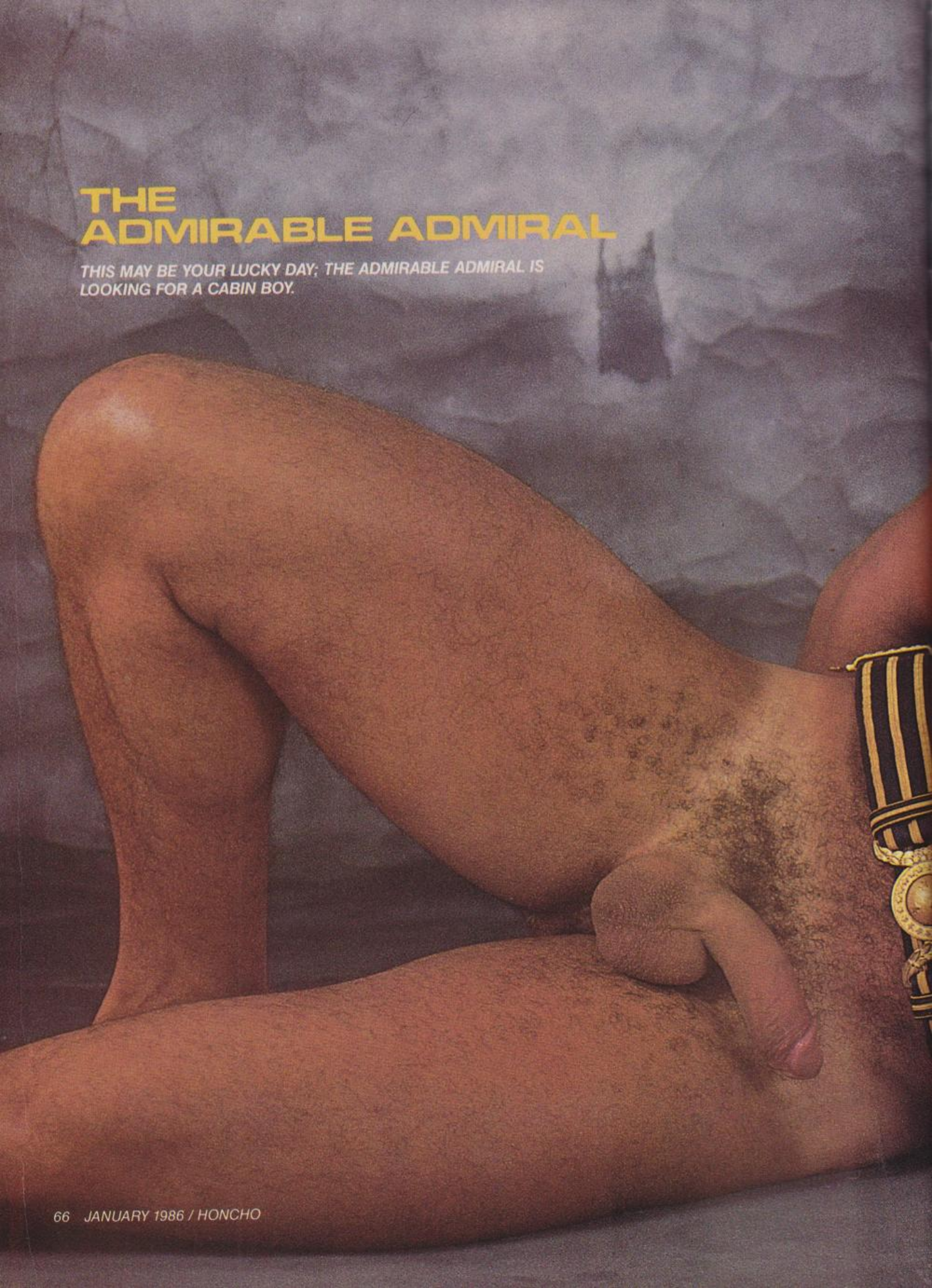

THE ADMIRABLE ADMIRAL

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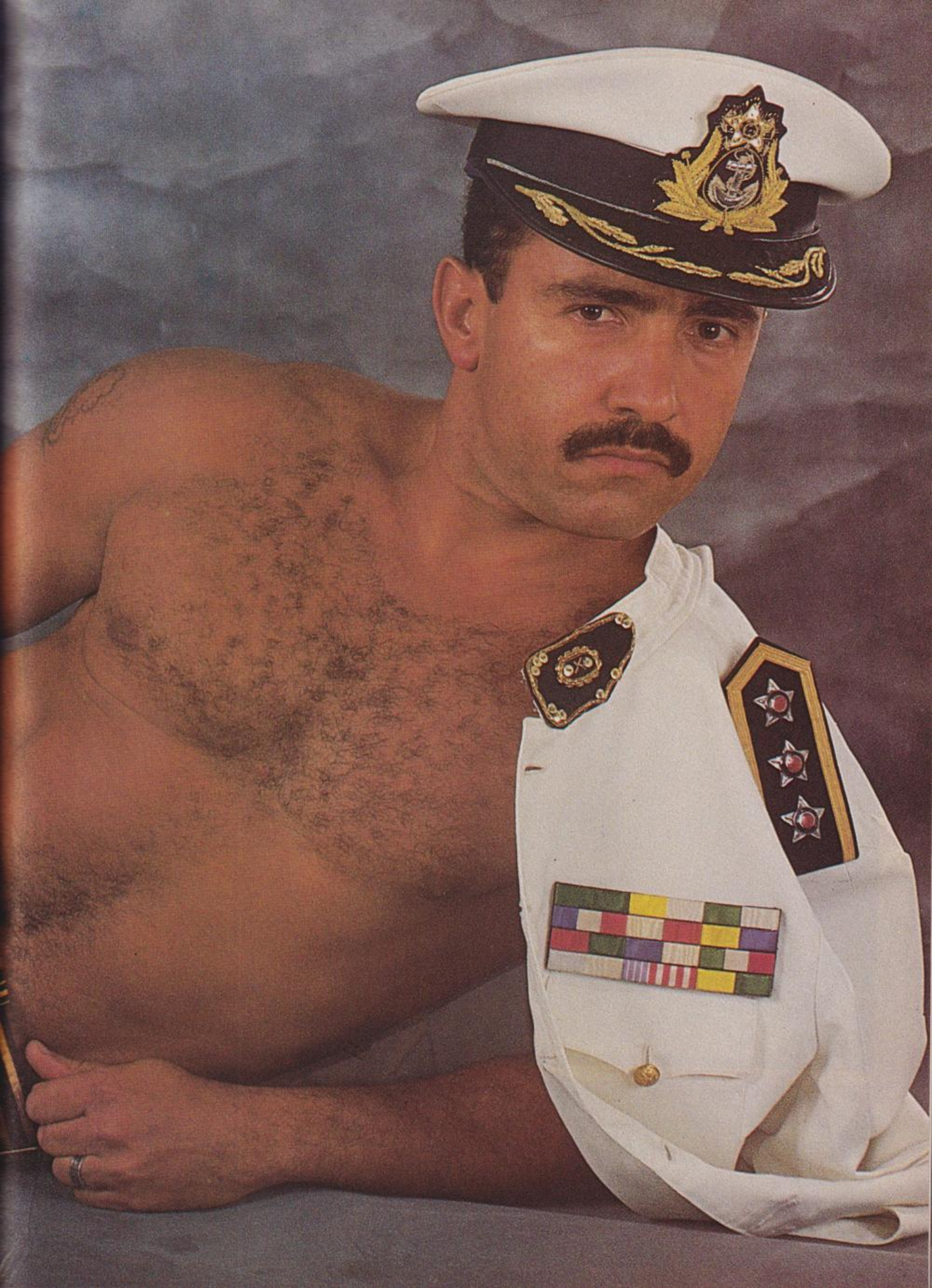

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Continued from page 60

dressed, glancing now and then at Simmonds sprawled across the planks, at the rope still tied around his ankles. As Rossi adjusted the straps on his steel pot, he barked at Simmonds to get the fuck up and at least look like a Marine.

Rossi walked out. Squinting in the bright light, he leaned against the wall and lit a cigarette. "You're disgusting, Rossi." The voice in his head was that of the punk. "Buddy and Papa should have seen you sleeping with that man. You gotta redeem yourself, boy. There's only one thing you can do. You gotta smear his name and blast his ass right out of the Corps. Maybe a few years of smashing rocks or scraping barnacles will teach the fag he tempted the wrong man."

Rossi wondered, though, if what had happened should be a matter of public knowledge, a matter of Court Martial. He wondered how guilty he was himself—but with the isolation and Simmonds tempting him and...He didn't know what he was going to do. He tossed the cigarette away and shook his head. He went to check on McKee.

McKee had nothing to report, except: "Copters, Sarge, lots of 'em." With binoculars Rossi checked out the quadrant—nothing, as usual. But in quadrant Charlie-Five, on the unused road that wound past the bottom of their hill, a jeep and a battered van plumed dust as they slowly drove along. He barked to McKee to keep a close watch on them.

"Whacha mad at me for, Sarge?"

"Nothing, Bear."

Back at the farmhouse Simmonds had heated water. He offered Rossi a cup when he came in.

Rossi took it with a nod. "You okay?"

"Yeah. My cheeks are sore, that's all," Simmonds said. He sat down on his sleeping bag. Looking out the window, he asked, "Does what happened mean you're not turning me in?"

Rossi walked across the room and sat on a battered stool. "I don't know, especially about the Court Martial." He looked at the clump of scrub growth out the window and sipped his coffee. "The regulations only require a statement of homosexuality," he went on. "You've given me that: *'Are you saying you're really not queer?' 'No, Sarge. I'll be honest with you. I am.'* Do you remember that?"

Simmonds nodded.

"The regs require me to pass that statement up the chain of command. If I do, your discharge will be based only on that statement. Nothing else. That means a routine administrative thing, not a public Court Martial."

"But Sarge, why?"

"There are reasons," Rossi said as he fumbled to get the last cigarette from his pack. Finally, he ripped the top off. "Sorry I beat you." He lit his cigarette and spat out a stray piece of tobacco. "Like how you'd stand up under real pressure—heavy combat, or as a prisoner of war. Could you be trusted? How would you do, Simmonds?"

"Can any man answer that?"

"I'd put my money on a man, not a fag," Rossi said.

"What does that have to do with it?"

"A lot." Rossi's voice was matter-of-fact. For a long time he didn't speak. Rossi sat by the window across the room, blowing on his coffee to cool it. Simmonds disassembled his M16 and started to clean it.

After a while Rossi took off his shirt and his boots and stretched out on top of his sleeping bag. He mentioned the vehicles he had seen, and asked Simmonds to check on Bear sometime in the next half-hour or so.

"Do you understand it, Simmonds? What they had to die for? 257 men! Druze, PLO, Christian Militia. It goes on and on. What's the fighting all about?"

"Maybe I do understand a little bit." He put the rifle bolt down and looked at Rossi. "Do you remember, Sarge, the old film they showed on the Transport coming over—*South Pacific*?

"Yeah."

"There was a line in it, something about having to learn to hate the right people. I guess that's it."

Rossi nodded.

Simmonds went on: "You know, it can't be over the land. That's just an excuse. There's plenty of it around, and it's all empty. Who would want it, anyway? If this is what God meant when He called it the Promised Land, He didn't get a good look at what he did in Connecticut."

Rossi laughed and rolled over. Learning to hate the right people, he thought, and on the screen of his mind, he saw a room lit by a single hanging bulb. One by one children filed in and sat in a circle on the dirt floor. Turbaned fathers lined the walls. A teacher stood in the center of the circle and held up caricatures. As the children demonstrated how well they learned their lessons by shouting out appropriate abuses, the fathers smiled and shouted out encouragement.

Rossi was dozing when McKee appeared in the doorway.

"Sarge, better come see. Those cars you wanted me to watch—they stopped at the bottom of the hill."

Rossi jumped up and dressed. "Get back to your post. I'll be there in a minute."

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Simmonds reassembled his weapon.

As Rossi hurried out the door, a machine gun riveted the lintel above his head. He jumped back inside. Unslinging his M16, he gestured to Simmonds to cover the rear of the house and shouted to McKee: "Bear, call in we're being attacked."

"What?"

"Use the radio," he bellowed.

Peering around the wall, Rossi spied something among the scrub growth. He centered the movement in his sights and fired. A pained shout, then more machine gun blasts.

Rossi ducked behind the wall. A hand grenade hit the floor. He watched it roll, his breath locked in his lungs, his eyes wide. It came to a stop. Then he crouched down and reached for it, arm and shoulder stretching.

An earth-shattering "NO!" resounded. Simmonds lunged across the room and struck Rossi full force, flinging them both

out the door. They plummeted. The grenade exploded. They hit the ground. Falling debris covered them.

Silence; then machine gun blasts and McKee's shouting as he rushed forward, firing blindly on automatic: "Yeah, they're my buddies. Best buddies I ever had!"

A short round of machine gun fire. A hollow thud followed.

In silence Rossi strained to hear. All he heard was the shallow breathing of Simmonds. "Simmonds, you okay?" he whispered. The silence deepened. He felt blood oozing onto his shoulder from Simmonds' head. He knew his timing had been off, and if Simmonds hadn't...The silence enveloped him like a shroud. He felt the weight of the man lying on top of him.

A rumble in the sky. The rumble increased; machine guns were firing again. The helicopter McKee had summoned circled the hill and on its second pass quieted the ragheads.

Within minutes a Huey had landed. The Corpsmen pulled Simmonds and Rossi out of the dust and debris. They sat Rossi in the shade of the farmhouse wall. He watched as they wrapped Simmonds' head in gauze and carried him to the stretcher. He watched as they covered McKee's frame with a blanket.

Two corpsmen assisted Rossi to the helicopter. He sat with his back to the wall. They inserted a needle into Simmonds' arm and hung a bag of clear liquid over him.

Rossi stared at the body stretched out, still. He heard Top's voice: *died, had not Kane, a queer you'd call him...It's not about regulations, young Sargeant. It's about men, and respect.* He too, silently, acknowledged his debt. A Court Martial was out. He couldn't testify against him, even if he lied about taking no part.

Another voice, though, spoke in his head, the voice of a street-wise punk: "Sure you owe him. So say thanks, take your hat off to him, and kick him in the ass. He's just a fag. What he did was a fluke. What are ya, in love with him or something? Do you want to marry him? 'Here comes the bride, all bound and tied.' "

Rossi shook his head violently and clenched his eyes shut. He was bragging to his Papa about the queer he had beaten, hog-tied, and dumped into a garbage bin. His old man howled and slapped his knee. His beer sloshed over his t-shirt. The scene faded; Simmonds' legs were hoisted again. Rossi was blasting Simmonds' ass and watching the welts rise. He looked into the face. Dispassionate, Simmonds asked: "Learning to hate the right people, Sarge?"

Rossi jolted. Fire burned behind his eyes. Simmonds didn't belong in the Corps. Regulations said fags didn't. His Papa, his brothers, his buddies said fags didn't. Simmonds didn't belong.

A corpsman rose from where he was sitting opposite Rossi, adjusted the flow of liquid into Simmonds' veins, checked his lips and fingernails, and put a clear plastic mask over his mouth and nose.

If Simmonds hand't been there, Rossi thought, the grenade...With the administrative route, Simmonds could get out with a general or other than honorable discharge. Out. Without implicating himself, Rossi thought, and reached over to scratch his shoulder. He jerked his hand away, held it at arm's length, scowling at it.

The blood that had oozed onto him now clung to his fingers. The scowl softened; he was inching his hand closer and closer to his face. He moved his fingers slowly and rotated his hand, observing how a change of position or of light altered the hues of red. He studied the blood like a fiancée marveling at the sparkles of her diamond. He remembered the silence and the warmth of the man, lying on him, protecting him. Behind the fingers Simmonds' motionless form gradually came into focus. And through his fingers, now blurred, Rossi watched clear liquid drip into Simmonds' veins.

The Corpsmen laughed at something between themselves. Rossi jerked his hand down and wiped the blood on his pants. The punk in his head, sniveling, spoke again. "Even the medics are laughing at ya. You know what you gotta do, so stop this fucking pansy stuff. You're okay. Simmonds got what he bought. So what are you worried about him for, huh? What he did was dumb.

"Some fucking man you are! A fag gets hot for you and you forget Papa and all the Corps regulations. Okay, don't go with the Court Martial. But you have to kick his ass. You don't have a choice, Rossi. You have to pass what you know about Simmonds up. That's the reg. But you're hemming and hawing about it like a school girl deciding what blouse to wear."

He glanced at the blanket hiding McKee and remembered a Friday afternoon he had helped his simple friend select a blouse for his sister's birthday.

"Which one should I get, Sarge? The green one or the blue one?"

"It doesn't matter, Bear."

"But which one?"

"They're both nice," Rossi said, acutely aware that everybody in the PX must be staring at him.

"But Sarge?" McKee whined, pleading for assistance.

"The green one."

McKee's hand now hung below the edge of the blanket, still.

"You know," the punk in his head continued, "if Simmonds died too, that would end it for ya."

Rossi recoiled, bracing his back, dropping his shoulders. There was a logic to it, he knew. But it was a logic he no longer chose to accept. He didn't know what he was going to do, but he knew Simmonds had to live.

For the next ten minutes, be stared at the blood-soaked bandage, the plastic mask, the dog-tags on the faintly moving chest. He stared.

Finally, Simmonds moved his head a little.

Rossi leaned forward.

Simmonds opened his eyes, forced them open. He searched his surroundings and found Rossi. He gave a feeble thumbs up.

Rossi breathed deeply once, then sat back, staring at him. The eyes closed again. Rossi stared. But then he felt himself leaning forward again, felt his arm reaching out and his hand squeezing the Marine's shoulder. His eyes blurred. He felt his lips start to quiver, but he tightened them to stop it. Uncertainty dropped from him and he knew he had decided.

"Moving, Rossi," the punk said. "Touching, just gets me right here."

"Shut up!" Rossi bellowed.

The Corpsmen snapped their heads. One of them smiled. Another one gawked at him. Smiley said something and chuckled.

Rossi looked back at Simmonds and continued holding his shoulder.

He didn't bother to explain.■

BLACK ANGUS

Continued from page 51

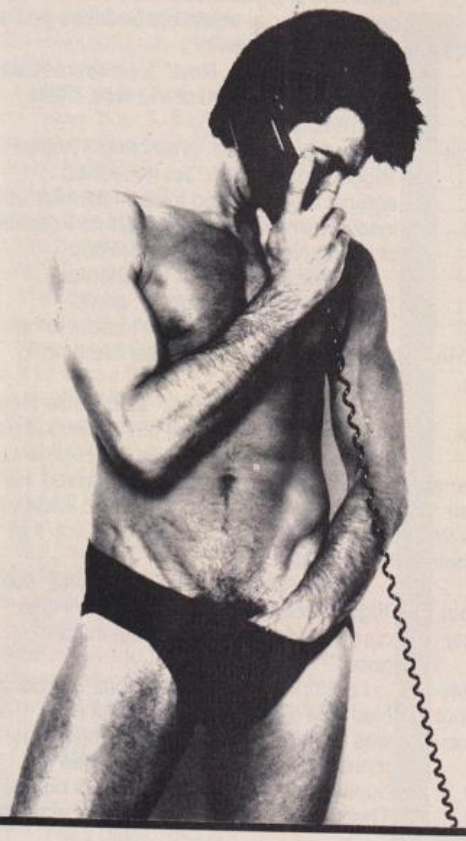
running his fingers through my tousled hair. "Last time I saw you you had brown hair like your father."

The ranch hands nudged each other and snickered. Embarrassed, I muttered, "Yeah, everybody turns blond in California. It's the sun."

Ned let me go—just in time; I was running out of breath—but he kept one hand clamped around my left biceps. "Is that how you got these muscles? Working outdoors in the sun?"

"What do you mean by that?" I countered. Uncle Ned and his men were looking at me like I was a slab of beef.

"Why, nothing," said Uncle Ned, releasing my arm. His voice was friendly but impersonal, and the ranch hands looked bored. Had I imagined their hungry stares?



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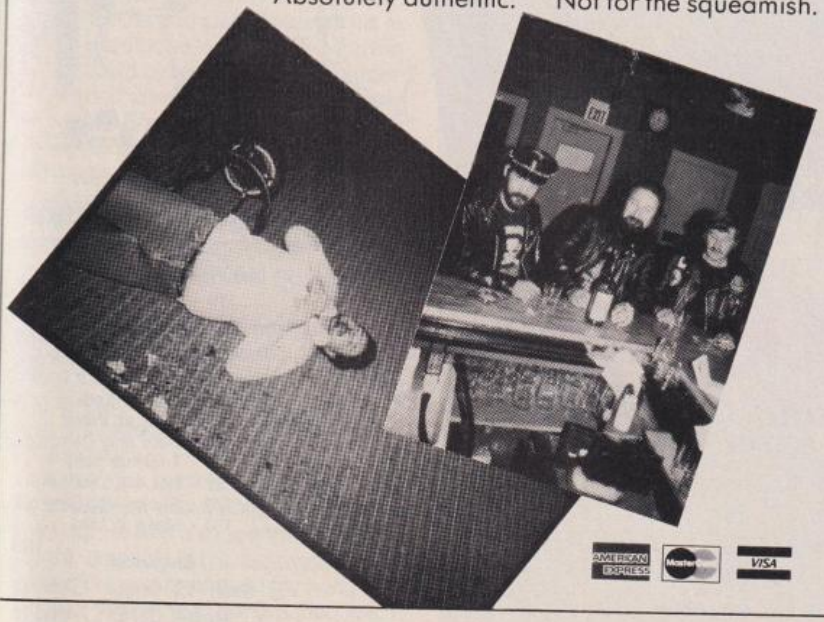

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"I merely meant you'd better be used to hard work. There's plenty of it on the ranch, and don't think I'll go easy on you because you're my nephew." Ned turned to his employees and barked an order. "Roy, bring the truck around. Trigger, carry Todd's bags."

I was so surprised I forgot my manners. "Roy and Trigger? You're joking, right?"

The tattooed hulk, Trigger, smacked his fist into his palm in a way that suggested he'd rather be slamming it into my head. I shivered, but Ned only laughed. "All the boys have nicknames. There's Colt, Jesse, Autry, and Buckeye, to name a few. By the end of the summer, you'll probably have a new name of your own."

"Speaking of names," I asked, what's your ranch called?"

Trigger muttered something. It sounded like "The Branded Ass."

Uncle Ned glared at Trigger. "Ignore him, Todd. The boys call it that when they think I've worked them too hard. It's their way of getting back at the boss. Actually, the ranch is called The Branded S."

Weird. I reached for one of my suitcases, but Trigger hefted both as if they were bags of feathers. He was a surly bastard, but I was impressed by his show of strength. If a summer in Ox Butte could do that for me, maybe my time wouldn't be wasted after all.

On the way to the ranch, Roy and Trigger rode in the back of the pickup. It was a relief to escape their hostile scowls, and I actually began to relax and enjoy the scenery.

"Here's my spread," said Uncle Ned proudly, turning into a wide gate in a split-rail fence. Thirty acres of the best Herefords in Wyoming."

"Herefords?" I asked. "I thought you raised Black Angus."

"Black Angus?" asked Ned sharply. "Where'd you hear that?"

"Why, Dad told me," I stammered, wondering why he seemed so upset. "He said I'd see a lot of Black Angus on the ranch."

Ned roared with laughter. "Yeah, I've got Black Angus all right." His hearty laugh erupted again, and I wondered what the joke was. I guessed these cattlemen had secrets they didn't want to share with me, an outsider. I would have to earn their respect.

Ned parked in front of a long log cabin. "This is the bunkhouse. Roy and Trigger will show you where to sleep."

The bunkhouse? Roy and Trigger? My face showed my dismay. As I climbed out of the truck I said, "I thought I was sleeping in the ranch house with you."

Before Ned could reply, Roy's shout stabbed me in the back. "Who do you think you are, you little shit? You think you deserve special treatment because you're the boss's nephew?"

"Simmer down, Roy!" Ned seemed as shaken by the outburst as I was. "Take Todd's bags inside."

Roy slouched off, grumbling. I hoped Trigger would follow, but he leaned against the truck and folded his arms. His insolent smirk told me he had no intention of giving Ned and me any privacy.

Ned put his hand on my shoulder. "Something bothering you, son?"

"No," I muttered. I wasn't about to have a heart-to-heart with Trigger listening to every word.

"Don't mind the boys," said Uncle Ned gently. "They're leery of city slickers. If you stayed up at the house like Mr. High and Mighty the problem would get worse. Here in the bunkhouse you can get to know one another, and before you know it you'll all be friends."

"Don't worry about us, Mr. Carter," said Trigger, before I could reply. "We'll take care of Todd. We'll break him in real good."

I didn't like the sound of that, but Uncle Ned was gone before I could protest. I was left alone with the glowering Trigger. A moment later Roy came out of the bunkhouse and stood next to his buddy. Their massive shoulders rubbed together,

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a coppery wall boxing me in.

"Uh—shouldn't you guys show me around?" I asked.

"He wants us to show him around," Roy jeered. "How 'bout it, Trig? Shall we give him an around-the-world?"

"Maybe he'd like a demonstration of roping and branding."

"Maybe he's interested in farming. Let's show him how to cornhole."

"What's it gonna be?" Trigger asked me. "What do you wanna see first?"

All I wanted to see was a bus to the airport. "How about the Black Angus? I've heard a lot about them."

The cowboys hooted with laughter. Roy started to choke, and Trigger slapped him on the back.

"What's so funny?" I asked. "Why does everyone act weird when I mention cattle?"

"Cattle!" snorted Roy, and broke into fresh guffaws. When he could catch his breath he said, "Come on, Trig, let's show him *the* Black Angus!"

"I think *it's* by the barn," Trigger offered.

So there was only one bull. Uncle Ned probably kept it to improve the breeding stock. Still, that didn't explain all the giggling. I decided cowboys were awfully immature.

"There it is," said Roy, as we rounded a corner. "That's Black Angus."

I didn't see any bull, but leaning against a split-rail fence was a towering black man. He looked seven feet tall, with the height of a pro basketball player but not the build. He was too bulky, with pads of solid muscle broadening his shoulders and fleshing out his tits. His sweat-soaked shirt hung on a fencepost; his ebony skin glistened from neck to navel. His panting mouth was half-open and his eyes were closed, as if he had just completed his exertions. His elbows leaned heavily on the fence; I could almost hear it creak under his weight. Pulled low over his wide brow was a white Stetson. Its color was stark against his skin. He wasn't brown or mixed-breed, but so coal black that his moustache and eyebrows, though heavy, almost disappeared against the background of the same shade.

I got it. Roy, Trigger, Colt, Buckeye...and Black Angus.

Sensing our presence, the black cowboy's eyes slowly opened. His lips spread into the first genuine smile I had seen all day. He ambled toward us. Up close, the musky odor of his sweat was overpowering.

"Howdy. You must be Todd." His voice was a southern drawl, not the bellow I had expected. He was also younger than I had thought, probably in his mid-twenties. He reached out and swallowed my hand with his own. "Welcome to the Branded Ass. If

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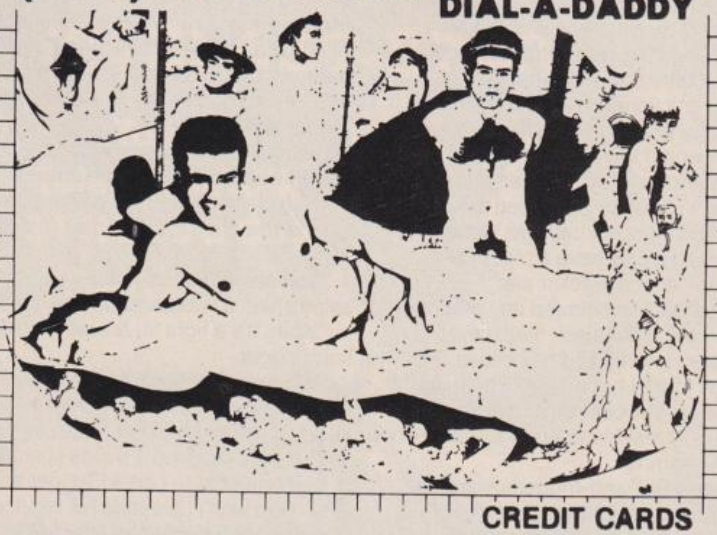

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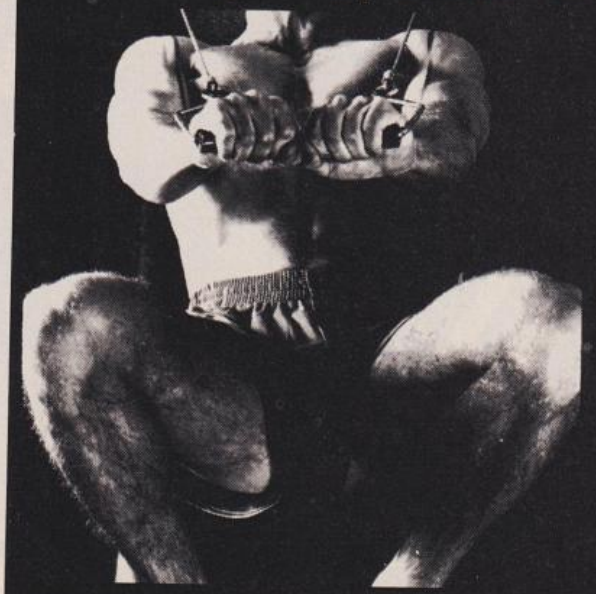

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there's anything I can do for you, just let me know."

There it was. That weird name again. But it was just his accent; of course he had said "S." Unlike Roy and Trigger, there was nothing hostile about Angus's polite welcome and warm handclasp.

Trigger snickered, and I realized I was still clinging to Angus's big hand. "I know you boys would like to stand around holding hands all day," Trigger said sarcastically, "but we're supposed to show Todd the bunkhouse. Let's go, Dude, unless you'd rather have a black cattleprod up your city-slicker ass."

My face flushed beet-red as I dropped Angus's hand. The black man's eyes smouldered angrily. Did he believe Trigger's dirty joke? I hoped not. If he thought I was queer, he would avoid me. I would lose the only real friend I had a chance to make this summer.

I followed Roy and Trigger toward the bunkhouse, but I couldn't get the picture of Black Angus out of my mind. It floated before me like some heat-crazed vision; the full charcoal lips, the erect nipples in his sculptured chest, the rivers of sweat pouring down his bare torso. I looked back, and he was leaning on the fence again, but this time his eyes were open. He was staring into space, but suddenly his eyes locked with mine. They seemed to pierce my soul. Instantly, I looked away.

I felt a shove from behind. I stumbled, and before I could regain my footing, Roy shoved me again. "If you're thinking of biting off a chunk of dark meat," he warned, "don't. Black Angus is off limits."

"They're the only limits we respect," Trigger added.

I wanted to ask him to explain, but suddenly I was too afraid of the answer.

"Here's your bunk," said Roy, pointing to a narrow cot. "It's right next to mine and Trigger's."

"You share that cot?" I asked, astonished. It was as narrow as the first.

"Yeah, it's a tight fit, but we manage," said Trigger.

"Where does Black Angus sleep?" I asked. I wasn't interested, I told myself. I was just making conversation.

The boys laughed. I guess I could fool myself easier than I could Trigger and Roy. "You won't be eating his big licorice stick if that's what you're after," Roy sneered. "He sleeps in the ranch house."

I had no time to think of Black Angus the rest of the day. I didn't see him or Uncle Ned, just a dozen cowboys with corny nicknames who treated me with hostility or indifference. Even supper was dismal: red-hot chili and not enough water to wash it down. By bedtime I was tired and cranky, and I knew tomorrow would be worse. Without stopping to shower, I tumbled into bed.

I don't know what woke me. One minute I was blissfully dreaming of riding a California wave, and the next my eyes shot open. Moonlight streaming through the window made the bunkhouse as bright as day. Filling the air was an ungodly noise. Someone or something was grunting and snorting like a stuck pig. Above this unearthly racket rose the loud, cackling laugh of a madman.

Cattle stampedes! Escaped maniacs! A dozen possibilities occurred to me as I rolled over and groped for my clothes. I froze, hands inches from my jeans, when I saw what was happening on the nearby bed.

Trigger was sprawled face down on the mattress. His tattooed arms crushed his pillow into his face, but failed to muffle his groans. His sinewy shoulders and back were rigid, as if molded in marble. Only his ass was in motion. Its twin humps quivered and bucked. At one point Trigger shoved his ass almost a foot off the mattress, like a wild bronc trying to dislodge an expert rider. If that was his plan, it didn't work. Roy remained firmly in the saddle.

"Yeeee-haaa!" whooped Roy, riding Trigger's lurching body. He too was nude: his tan chest gleamed golden in the moonlight. "Giddyap!" he cried, slapping Trigger's ass. Trigger humped faster. He seemed to be doing all the work. His labored breathing was as loud as a steam engine. All Roy did was stuff his cock up Trigger's ass and sit back for the gallop.

Should I scream? Get out of there? I didn't know what to do, so I watched them fuck. I was embarassed to find my own cock getting hard. Nothing unmanly about it, I told myself. Two bodies were rutting not three feet away, and who could tell male from female in that heaving, sweating lump of flesh?

But I could. Trigger's moans were deep-throated rumbles. Roy's cock drilled into Trigger's clenching ass with loud sucking slaps. All four thrashing legs were hairy, and the gamey odor assaulting my nose was as masculine as anything I've ever smelled. I couldn't roll over and go to sleep. So I spread my legs, grabbed my cock, and started yanking it toward my kneecaps. It wouldn't reach, but I had a hell of a good time trying to stretch it!

Roy and Trigger couldn't hear my harsh breathing. Roy's cries of "Yahoo! Yee-ha!" would have drowned out an earthquake. His eyes were closed and he wore a big smile. A pang of jealosy stabbed me. It felt mighty good jerking my dick, but I imagined how much better it would feel to sink it into Trigger's hairy asshole. Deep inside his warm bowels, my swollen cock would be milked by the iron grip of his ass muscles. Tight, so hot and tight, drawing me in with such power that they would never let me go. Roy's face was contorted with pleasure and his bronze arms were locked around Trigger's waist. But when I closed my own eyes it was Black Angus's face I saw. The bare ass pressing against my belly was coal black. When it swallowed my cock, the inside of his ass felt silky cool around my fevered flesh.

"Yee-ha! I'm comin,' man! Hold tight, I'm gonna shoot!"

The shout seemed to come from a few feet away. That was strange; I knew my lover, the handsome black stud who let me fuck him, was right in bed with me. Well, all that mattered was that we would shoot together. My balls tensed; my cock ruptured like a dam breaking. Cum poured down my legs and onto the rum-

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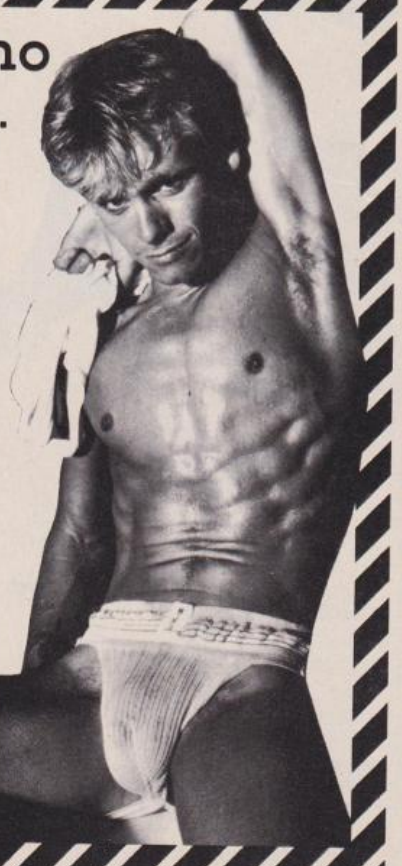

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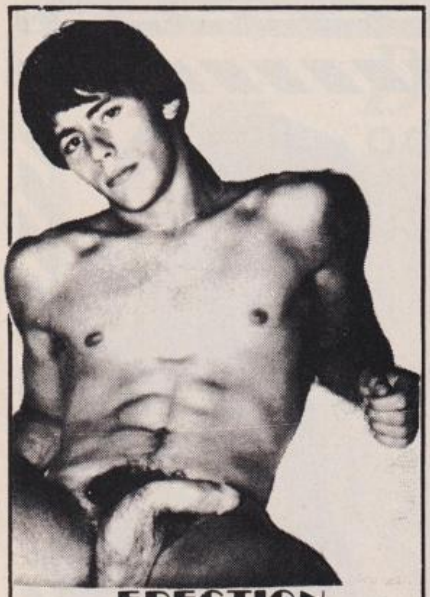

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7985 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
LOS ANGELES, CA 90046

pled sheets. I groaned, and other voices seemed to join me. Someone bellowed like a bull. Someone else howled.

In a moment the other voices faded, and my shouts were the only ones echoing off the bunkhouse walls. I couldn't stop them any more than I could plug the gush of cum from my throbbing cock. Suddenly someone grabbed me. Powerful hands closed around my arms and hauled me out of bed. They threw me to the ground, where my bare ass skidded across the rough floor, courting splinters. Someone snapped on a light. I was left blinking in blinding brightness. With one hand I shielded my eyes, with the other I tried to cover my cock. It squeezed out one last wad of cloudy cum onto the dirty floor.

"What's going on? What happened?" sleepy voices cried. A dozen naked cowboys rose from their beds.

Trigger loomed over me. His eyes blazed with fury. His hard cock and his index finger both pointed at me, and both trembled as he cried, "This little shit was watching us! Damn citified Peeping Tom was getting off on our fuck without asking permission!"

Roy was more composed; his cock was limp and his thigh bore a white trail of cum. Still, his voice was filled with hatred as he accused, "He's been nothing but trouble since he got here! He even wanted to sleep in the ranch house with Boss Carter, but I don't think he's even saddlebroke yet!"

Before I could defend myself, they all started talking and yelling at once. "Quiet!" shouted a red-haired giant. He was a little older than the others and had a thick, uncut cock. His nickname was Buckeye and he seemed a figure of authority. He bent over me. His heavy meat dangled inches from my lips.

"What do you say to that, Dude?" he asked. "Were you watching Roy and Trigger?"

"It was an accident," I said. "They were so loud they woke me up."

"Was that an accident, too?" Buckeye pointed to the cum puddle between my legs. "Was that an accident, or were you thinking of Roy and Trigger while you jacked off?"

I couldn't admit to myself, let alone to these menacing cowpokes, what I had been thinking of. "I don't know," I mumbled.

Something whipped stingingly across my mouth. Before I could react, Buckeye's dick slapped me a second time. I felt dizzy. His dick was harder than a baseball bat.

"Call me sir!" he growled. "And speak up when you're spoken to!"

"I don't know, Sir," I repeated.

"Do you know if you're saddlebroke?"

By now I had the feeling he wasn't talking about horses. "No, Sir," I said. "And if you don't mind, I don't think I want to be."

"Who the hell cares what you want?" Buckeye roared. "Boys, it's round-up time at the Branded Ass!"

"Yaaaahoo!" Roy shreaked. I turned toward him in time to see a rope come whizzing through the air. The lasso tightened around my chest, pinning my arms to my sides. I struggled, but the rope bit deeper into my flesh. I was jerked to my feet and pulled into Roy's waiting arms.

I was helpless as they bound my wrists with rawhide and attached them to a hook in the ceiling. My ankles received the same treatment, only they weren't tied together. They were stretched so far apart that shooting pain sliced through my widespread thighs.

"Now his cock," Buckeye ordered. I winced as Roy knotted a rawhide strip around my dick. I panicked when he started pulling the loose end toward the ceiling. The strip was about six inches too short to reach the hook.

"Wait a minute," I begged. "That's never going to reach, it's—AAAGH!" A scream ripped my throat as Roy yanked on the rawhide.

"Now he's whooping it up like a real cowman," Roy approved. "Give those cityslicker lungs a good workout!" He tugged on the strap again.

"But he's right, it's too short," someone yelled above my screams of agony. I felt like my cock was being torn out by its roots.

"Yeah, his pisser's pretty tiny," said Roy. "We'll have to stretch it for him. He'll thank us in the morning."

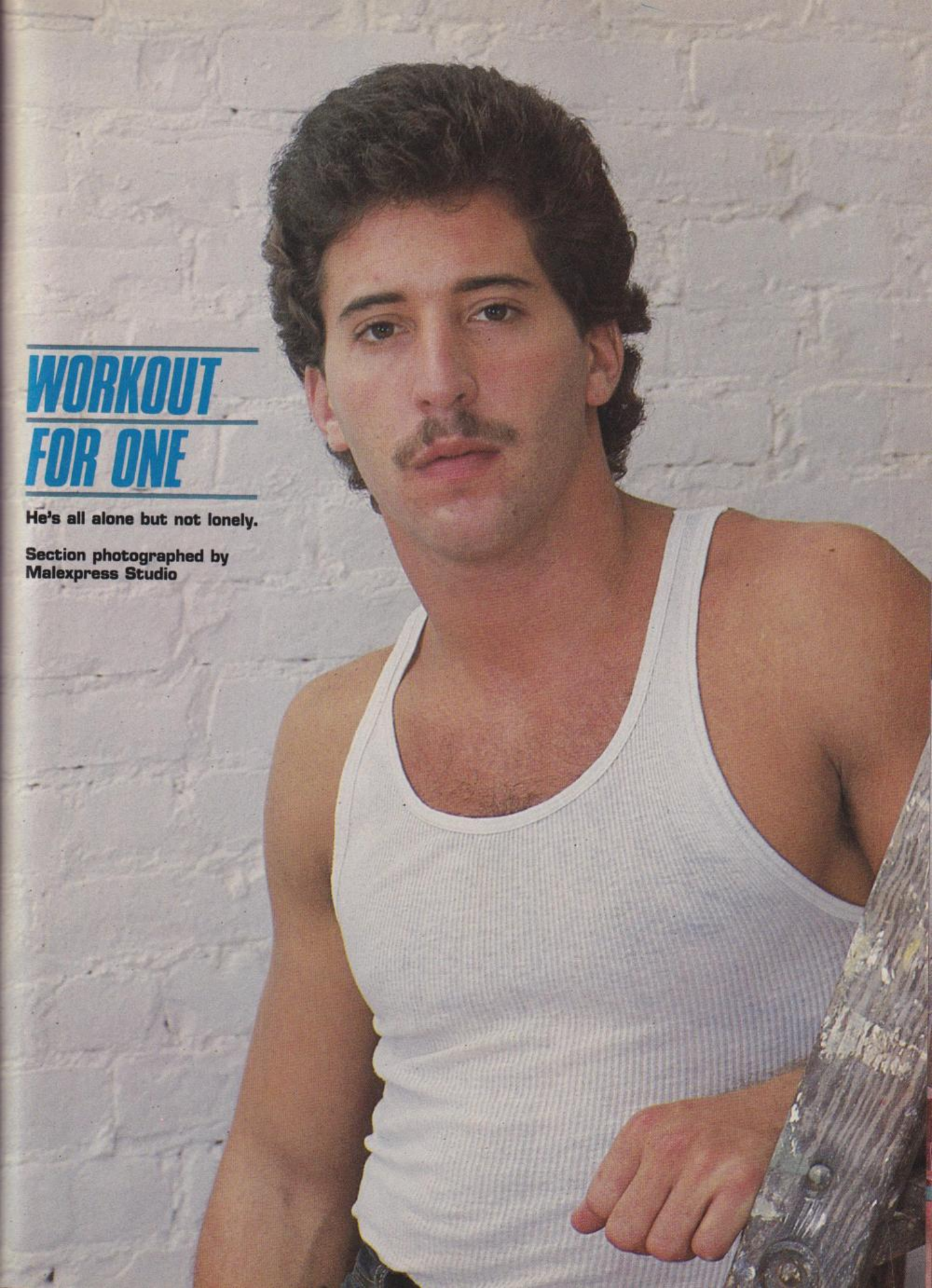
Right then I decided, no matter what happened, I wouldn't scream anymore. These tough cowboys would show no pity. Only by taking the torture like a man could I win their respect. Only then might they stop attacking me.

It wasn't easy, but I bit back my groans as Roy gave my cock a few more vicious yanks. Did I imagine a spark of respect in his eyes? It didn't matter, because they weren't through with me yet.

Roy thrust his leering face close to mine. "You cheated Trigger out of what he had comin'. We figure it's up to you to pay him back."

God, no! Anybody but Trigger. The big lummox had a dick like an ox. Under other circumstances I might have fucked his broad hammy ass, or even swallowed his dick if he forced me, but the thought of him spearing my tight, tender ass terrified me. There wasn't enough room for all of him inside my virgin hole. He would rip me apart! The first prod of his vicious pole shoved me up on my toes. The rawhide

Continued to page 89

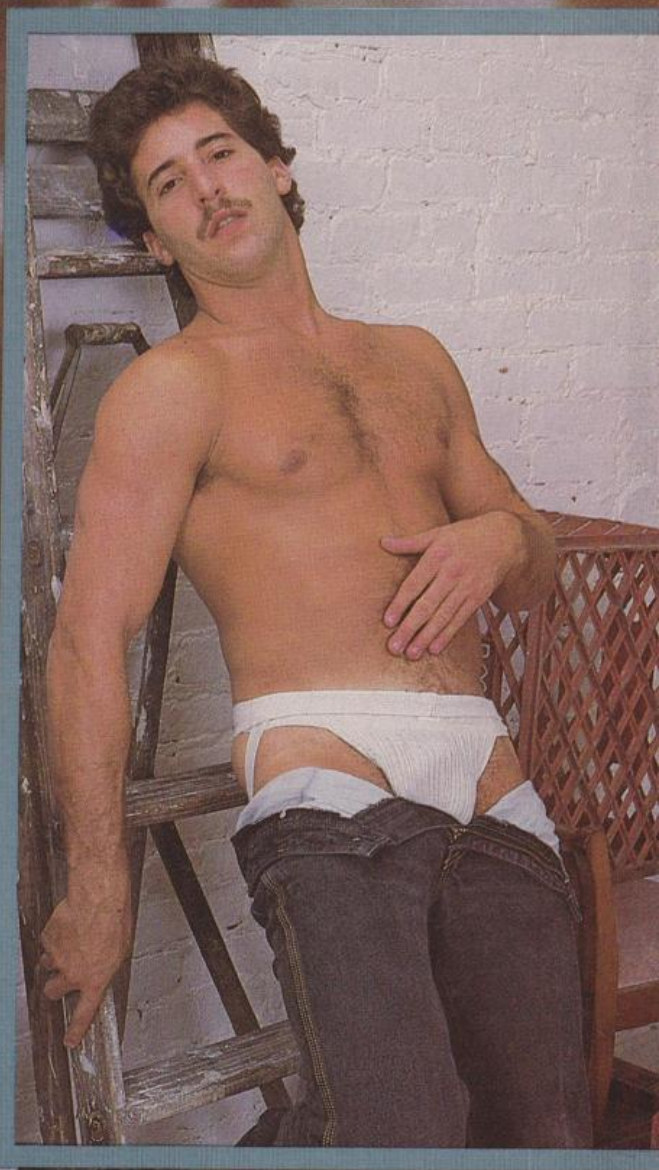


WORKOUT FOR ONE

He's all alone but not lonely.

Section photographed by Malexpress Studio

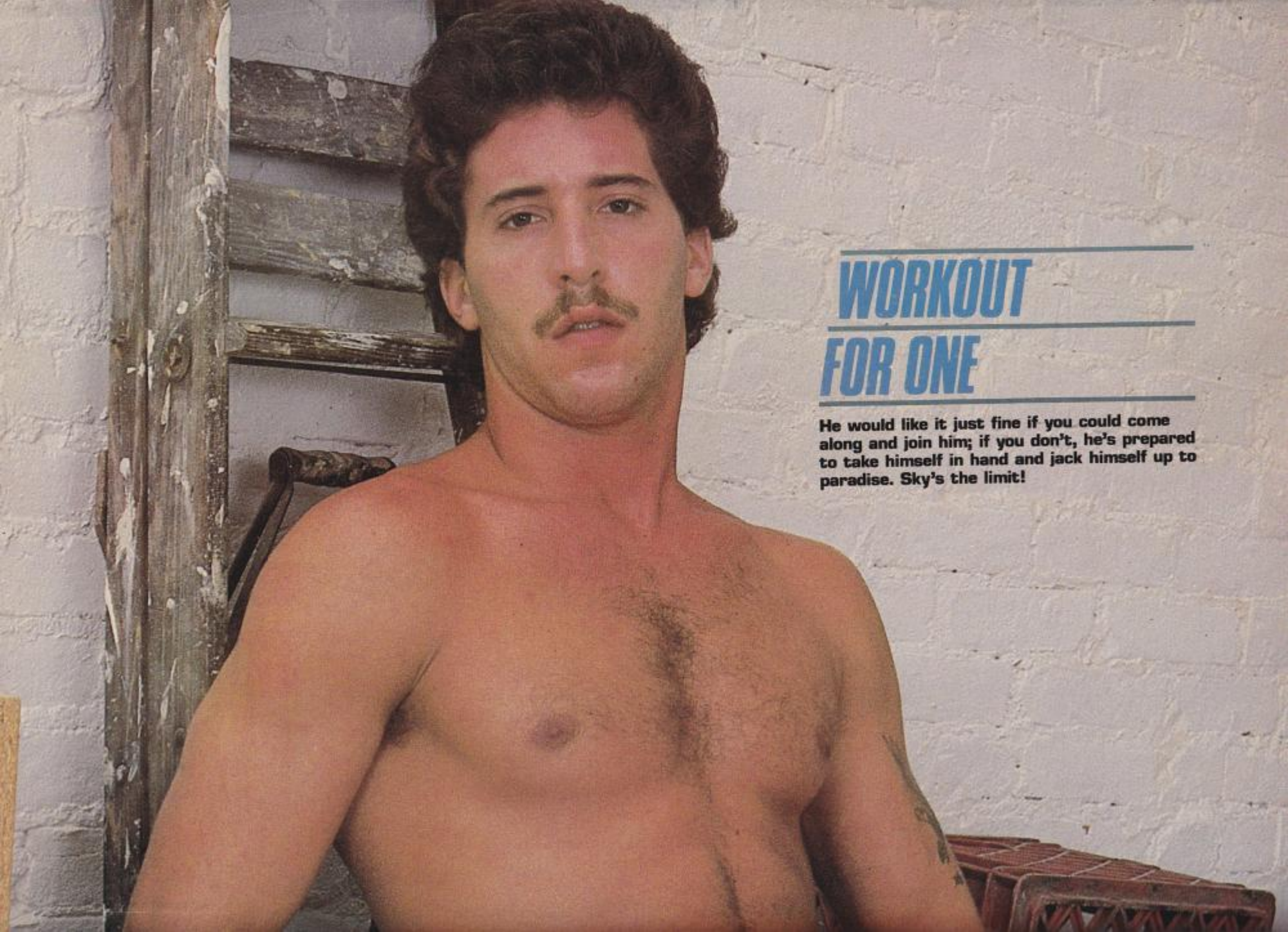
WORKOUT FOR ONE



He's a hot and horny young stud, and he's all set to be his own best friend.

WORKOUT FOR ONE

He has all the equipment necessary to keep himself amused for a long, long time.



WORKOUT FOR ONE

He would like it just fine if you could come along and join him; if you don't, he's prepared to take himself in hand and jack himself up to paradise. Sky's the limit!

MAN SEARCH

HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

The cost for a HONCHO ad is 50¢ per word.
***Commercial Ads** (any person or business charging for services, e.g., models, masseurs, mail shops, phone sex, membership organizations with fee) add $25.00 to the total cost of your ad.*

Please allow 90 days from the first of each month for publication of your ad. Note the following schedule:

AD DEADLINE	ON SALE
11/1/85	2/1/86
12/1/85	3/1/86
1/1/86	4/1/86
2/1/86	5/1/86
3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state, and federal laws. No advertisements will be accepted from persons under 18.

☐ *My ad is _____ words @ 50¢ per word*

☐ *Commercial—add $25.00 per issue to total cost*

DISCOUNTS: ☐ *24 issues 30%*
☐ *12 issues 20%*
☐ *6 issues 10%*

Cost for one placement of ad $_____

Multiply cost × number of issues ad runs = $_____

Start my ad with the on sale date of _____ (see schedule above).

Enclosed $_____ for HONCHO CLASSIFIED (make check out to same and mail to: 155 6th Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

Any questions write or call the Advertising Dept. (212) 691-7700

PRINT CLEARLY all information and sign below.

With my signature I declare that I am over 18 years of age and that the information in my ad is true and correct. I am aware that no proofs of my ad will be submitted to me for my approval and I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that HONCHO is in no way responsible for any contacts or transactions that occur as a result of placing this ad.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

ARIZONA

DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE.

Sought for monogamous relationship by 6', 165 lbs, 38, mature, stable, industrious, masculine, straight acting and appearing, supportive, extremely affectionate and cuddly who seeks the same. You: like deep throat, body worship, light B&D, are intelligent, good looking, 18-28, athletic, muscular, and extremely smooth hairless skinned guy. Must be able to relocate. No drugs, cigarettes and drink occasionally. Robert, 5823 North Invergordon Road, Scottsdale, AZ 85253.

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751.

ALABAMA

ATHLETIC, HOT STUD

Looking for sexy, exciting correspondence with possible meeting. Your nude photo and letter gets mine. Occupant, 1508 So. 33rd St., Apt. L, Birmingham, AL 35205.

CALIFORNIA

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. P.S. Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

FORMER EXECUTIVE

Military B.G.M.C., D.S.C., ex-P.O.W. Now prisoner of my own country. Self defense A.D.W. Six months to go. Forced coprophagy as P.O.W. Previously servicing young military as asseater and toilet. Also aggressive fellatio & J.O. service to all in Battalion. Into pass. W/S & light S&M. I am youngish, 45 years young, slim & trim. Neat & clean. Never Disease. 5'10", 150 lbs. Blue and brown. Military school & war college graduate. No family, no mail, career gone. 8½ years prison. Please write. Richard Joe Kidd B.G.Ret.M.C., Box 2000-B72191C, Vacaville, CA 95696.

TWO VERSATILE EAST BAY

w/Buddies, 35/40 looking for 3rd. We're into leather, boots, uniforms, toys, tits, balls, bondage, D/S, creative safe-sex. Want to play? Tell us about yourself, your fantasies. 484 Lakepark #190, Oakland, CA 94670.

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

COLORADO

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631.

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611.

FLORIDA

GWM 32-175-6'

would like relationship with same 18-35 no fats. Wayne, PO 1040, Eagle Lake, FL 33839.

BREVARD GWM COUPLE

Seeks other couples for new friendships, sharing activities, entertaining, talking and visiting. Let's meet! P&R, Box 503, Sharpes, FL 32959-503.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

DAYTONA-ORLANDO AREA

34, 6' 7", WM, Likes to get it on with hot studs who read HONCHO. Am versatile and appreciate same. Photo, phone preferred. T-ROOM, PO Box 5223-A, Orlando, FL 32805.

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA

Want a hot man 5'10" 28 years old 132 lbs Blonde Hair Blue eyes Very hairy chest. And I have 8" cock. I like to suck & fuck. I want a hot man between the ages of 28-30 years old. Also I want to have a possible relationship with him. Please Send Photo. Frank J. Klempa, 108 SW 19th Ave., Apt. #108, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302.

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

GEORGIA

HANDSOME W/M, 30, 6'1", 185 LBS.,

Brown hair and eyes, hairy body. I enjoy working out, cuddling and corresponding with attractive, masculine guys 18-40. Tell me what's on your mind! Your photo gets mine. Box 624, Riverdale, GA 30274.

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Seeking pilots, F/A's, ramp or ground crew—Coast to Coast. I'm handsome, 6', 170, 30, W/M. Ready to overnight and travel. Photo gets mine. Box 20315, Atlanta, GA 30325.

I AM SPANISH, 23,

5' 7", 140 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, like to meet that someone special, blonde and prefer from California but not necessary, 18-30 for relationship and willing to move to another state if happiness is around please write Erick, 700 South Jolly, Apt. 4, Clarkston, GA 30021. Love to hear from you.

ILLINOIS

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

FOR BLACK MEN ONLY!
Feminine W/M seeks you. T.L. Pease, Box 32 LSH, Logansport, IN 46947.

HUNG & HORNY
Goodlooking GWM 34, 180 lbs., 6'2", blk/brn, moustache. seeks GWM 21-35 for correspondence and intimate encounters. Discretion assured. Write PO Box 4547, Elkhart, IN 46515.

KENTUCKY

GWM, 5' 9", 185, 21.
Needs Daddy, friends, companions. Box 299, Burgin, KY 40310.

LOUISIANA

ALTERNATIVE
For a change in style or color—Men's Human Hair full wigs—uncut 6 to 8 inch lengths—Beards etc. Send SASE to A.Y.L.I. Office, PO Box 740339, New Orleans, LA 70174.

W/M ATHLETIC, GOOD LOOKING
Straight appearing, 25 yrs. 5'10", 170#. Want athletic, masculine man, no fats, fems, drags. Send photo, Phillip, PO Box 91681, Lafayette, LA 70502.

PEN PALS
Goodlooking, intelligent, hairy GWM, 21, 5'8", 150 lbs. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 2626-SLU, Hammond, LA 70402-2626.

AN INTER-RACIAL AFFAIR
I'm a Black Gay. Want to meet a nice sexy white guy. If you are 8 in size or more, we could have a for real relationship. Send photo, not necessary, but I would like very much a reply. Melvin Pratt, 1417 Houston St., Leesville, LA 71446.

MICHIGAN

WM, 39, MARRIED, MASCULINE,
Congenial, Discreet For Fun/Friendship. P.O. Box 91, Muskegon, MI 49443

MASSACHUSETTS

LONELY WHITE MALE
GWM 39, 5'7" 135 lbs. Wants to be dominated. Into B/D, piss, shaving, spanking, scat, light S/M. Send descriptive letter plus photo to Allan Gillis, PO Box 261, Malden, MA 02148.

MISSOURI

BODYBUILDER
Masculine GWM, 5' 10", 195 lbs. Attractive, seeks same, Ages 20-35 (sexy), for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal and sexy data and photos gets reply. PO Box 40305, Kansas City, MO 64141.

NEBRASKA

GWM-SUBMISSIVE-BOTTOM
Medium build, 35, 5'2½", 135 lbs., straight acting. Seeks dominant, muscular, horny, cut hunks with hairy chests in need of oral stimulation. Hot mouth and ass needs your big thick tool. Truckers Welcome. Discretion a must. No Fats, Fems, Blacks. P.O. Box 31415, Omaha, NE 68131.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW TO NEW HAMPSHIRE
GWM, 23, 5'10, 145 lbs., Blond/blue, moving to N.H. (S.E.; July) seeking new friends between 18-30, trim and fit. Photo a must. No fems/blks. G.G. Galm, 98-211 Palimomi, Suite 615, Aiea, Hawaii 96701-4306.

NEW JERSEY

GWM 5'7" 145
Brn blue seeks masc. gays for friends, good times. Pen pals P.O. Box 7224, Rochelle Park, NJ 07662.

GWM 38, 5'9"
Brn/Brn, 165. Versatile, Friendly, Fr/Act/Pass. Seeks Masc. Gay/Bis For Good Times. Bob, P.O. Box 1245, Union, N.J. 07083

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.
Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462.

HOT, YOUNG & SERIOUS
GWM, 25, cute, black hair, dk brown eyes, nice slim body, tired of cruising bars and one night stands. Looking for macho, straight looking, hot muscular guy between 18-35 for true relationship leading toward serious commitment. Photo will get mine. PO Box 3201, Guttenberg, NJ 07093.

NEW YORK

HORNY 19 YR OLD VIRGIN
W/M 5'5", 130 lbs., extremely good looking, dark, sensual skin with cute ass just waiting for you. If you are white, good looking, have a gorgeous body, and are 18-24 yrs. old, show me how great sex with another guy is. Nude photo and phone a must: Box 353, Elmont NY 11003.

EX ONEONTA FARMER
W/M 6'4" 250 lbs. Full beard, hairy, 30 years old, interests include farming, logging, enjoy fishing and hunting, have rubber boot fetish, looking for someone with similar interest in and around the Oneonta NY area. Have moved away but frequent often. Mark, PO Box 175, Manchester Ctr., VT 05255.

HOT BLACK MALE
29, attractive, sincere, athletic. Likes dancing, music seeks fun, friendship, possible relationship. Box 6746, Syracuse, NY 13217.

HISPANIC OR ARAB MASTER WANTED
GWM 30s goodlooking, seeks a master/top who wants to give discipline by enemas, belts, W/S. You: either Hispanic or Arab, dominant, have desire to be a disciplinarian, serious person. Novice master welcomed. Will answer letters from anywhere. Write: PO Box 431, RH, NY 11418.

HOT COLLEGE FRESHMAN
Attractive, gentle, sincere. Live next to Fingerlakes Mall. Seeks men up to 35 for friends, good times, sex. Possible relationship. Box 238 Fosterville Road, Auburn, NY 13021.

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS
Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 29, 6'1", 185, who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 btwn 8-11 pm for real locker room action.

BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED
by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296.

TWO YNG GUYS
Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544; Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

BUTCH LITTLE HUMP
Looking for lover, I get enuff tricks w/o an ad. Me 5'4", 125, 36C, 28W, 8 thick cut, brn/brn hairy chest moustache. Into film, photog, travel, cruising. Successful, versatile. You are short, blond, uncut, hairy legs. I'm almost 40 but due to a wild and misspent youth I easily pass for 27. Steve Hirsch, 241 6th Avenue, NYC 10014.

NORTH CAROLINA

PIEDMONT AREA
Goodlooooking Bi/WM, 23, 5'1", 165 lbs, seeks friends and/or pen pals. No fats, fems or blacks. Photo a plus. Write Doug. N.—PO Box 4122, Glen Raven, NC 27215.

OHIO

GWM,19, 5'9", 155
Br/Blu, coilege jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meat you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered. Write: Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

OREGON

LOOKING FOR A PEN PAL?
Let me help! Send SASE for info to Ron, Box 3004-27, Corvallis, OR 97339

PENNSYLVANIA

YNG, BLOND SLAVE
Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8½" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

FRIENDS & LOVERS
Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402.

WHITE MALE, 25,
Blond hair, blue eyes, seeks relationship, to be taken seriously and understood. Will answer all. To: Mitchell Miller Brown, 61 Golden Drive, Meadville, PA 16335.

BOY WANTS MASCULINE DADDY TOPMAN
Cleanshaven and handsome 24 yr. old son wants straight acting, stocky, older daddies who are Greek active, uncut and hairy a plus. Please write to Sonny, PO Box 15285, Philadelphia, PA 19125.

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.
Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply. Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

TRIM HOT & HORNY BI-W-MALE
Willing to please males and females ? to 35 I am 29-135 lbs-5'8" have 8" love tool. Hot mouth and ass that needs your love tool all you males. J.R. Hazleton Apts., Apt. 1508 (701 W. 24 St). Hazleton, PA 18201.

SOUTH CAROLINA

WM SEEKS MEN
and bodybuilders for correspondence and possible meeting. Send letter and photo to PO Box 6684, Columbia, SC 29260

TEXAS

COUNTRY DISCIPLINE
Masculine, BiWM, 6', 160 lbs., 37Y, healthy, hung, and virile satisfies 21-34 trim, firm boys requiring no-nonsense training. GF, 2615 Waugh Dr. #221, Houston, Texas 77006.

FOR EXPERTS ONLY
GWM, 6', 165, Bl/Bu, hairy, with hot receptive ass. Hunting for a masculine, adventurous, well hung (long & thick) top for mutual satisfaction. Not a submissive, but a participant. Thick moustache/beard a plus. Party favors welcome. No fats, fems, blacks. Bored by blue prints. Reply: PO Box 35992, Dallas, TX 75235.

TEXAS MAVERICK NEEDS TAMIN'
Like my sex hot and rough. Afterwards cold beer, hot shower, warm sleep if you're man enough. 5710 Glenmount, Apartment 104, Houston, TX 77081 713-668-9912 "JAKE"

WISCONSIN

GWM 26, 6' 195 lbs.
Well hung but inexperienced seeks blond WM for mutual enjoyment, into sucking and being sucked. Your photo gets mine. Scotty, Box 11344, Shorewood, WI 53211

HAIRY, HORNY, GWM 32
Seeks bareassed buddies 18-42 for naked fun, outdoor sex. Your hard-on photo gets mine. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

INTERNATIONAL

NEW IN VANCOUVER
Would love to suck you. Also enjoys mutual J/O and water sports. GWM mid 30's. Bi's welcome also. Call 681-6000.

WM 50 GREAT SHAPE/LOOKS
offers black dude room for vacation, companionship. Any action if mutual. No drugs. Box 2871 St. Thomas, VI 00801.

NEW IN CALGARY
GWM mid 30's loves sucking, mutual J/O, water sports. I like hard hats, uniforms, athletes, etc. No race or age hangups. Gay or bi call 229-3668.

DUTCH GAY-BOY (27)
with moustache, wants to have contact with good-looking boys and men until 35 years old for friendship, sex and correspondence from U.S. and everywhere. I know English, German and Dutch. I only answer letters with a photo of you. Write Franz: Slotemaker de Bruïnweg 54-B, 6533 CJ Nÿmegen, NETHERLANDS.

GERMANY
Blond, sensuous stud 27/6'/130 looking for exciting, amusing correspondence and lustful meetings. Box 1726, 4620 Castrop-Rauxel, W. Germany.

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT
See "GEORGIA".

37, CHINESE,
5'9" tall, black hair, brown eyes, with 7" cut horny tool, want to write and meet sincere guys with hairy body or with moustache for serious relationship 30-60. I love swimming, boating, fishing, horse-riding, sun-bathing, cooking, travel, gardening and photography. I'm slim and hairless, and active. Jose Po Tan, PO Box 764, Cebu City 6401, Philippines.

GWM 30'S
Seeks friends, playmates for good times. Please enclose a photo for faster reply. #1208-610-4 Ave SW, Calgary, Alberta T2P 0K1, Canada.

INTERNATIONAL/GERMANY
Handsome German, tall, 1.86m, cut 7', looking for straight men age about 35-40, for contact and correspondence: H. Weyand, Gartenstr. 6, 5480 Remagen, W. Germany.

WOULD LIKE DUTCH,
England, Sweden gay 19-32. My age 35. Very straight acting and good job. Would help with schooling. Will answer letters with nude photo and address. S.S., PO Box 61, Crooksville, OH 43731. 614/697-7329 10 pm to 8 am.

COMMERCIAL

HORNY TOAD
Smelly, sweaty, piss stained, cum streaked used jock w J/O letter & picture of wearer just $15. Hot cassettes, "Piss," "Dirty Jokes," "Master's Orders," "The Cop Calls." $10 each. Videos too! SIR, PO Box 14425, SF, CA 94114.

TELEPHONE PROBLEMS
Long distance telephone-atics costing you a bundle? End it permanently with one last call. Bill (409) 696-2583.

PHONE FANTASY!
Call a hot young stud at (415) 976-5959, only $1.50 per call plus toll, must be over 18, California residents only.

OVER 100 RESTAURANTS
and bars for sale in the Greater New York area and U.S. Virgin Islands. DWYER BUSINESS SALES, INC., 128 Court Street, White Plains, New York. (914) 997-2534..

PUERTO RICAN STUD HOUSE
Of young macho chicos offers unique Salsa Latina nude erotic photo sampler. $12.00 prepaid to over 21. From: Boyeros, PO Box 958, Dorado, Puerto Rico 00646.

NICK'S PHONE SEX
Ex-hustler sells it over the phone. Hot, hung, musc. & shoots big loads. Get on your knees and start dialing. MC-VISA (212) 691-3850.

SELECT-A-STUD
Personal encounters, photos, phone fantasies. Credit cards accepted. Worldwide service. Also hiring. 813-823-5629 anytime.

DICK AND MORE!
Big, sizzling-hot, uncensored national cock-adlists. Nude/erotic infopixpak $3.00: AD-MEN, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011.

REAR FRENCHMEN OF AMERICA
6th year of the club for healthy men into giving/receiving rear French. Info, $2. Box 623-RFH, New York, NY 10013.

HANDYMAN: THE J/O CLUB
For men seeking a safe sex alternative. You can hold your own or lend a hand (or both!). Info $2. AAM, PO Box 623-H, New York, NY 10013.

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BLACK ANGUS

Continued from page 76

dug trails in my wrists and ankles. I wanted to scream, but I thought if I kept quiet, Trigger would get bored and quit. Instead he called, "Roy, throw me the grease. He's tighter than last year's jockstrap!"

"What are you, a city boy?" Roy jeered. "What do you think spit is for?"

"Good idea." Trigger spat noisily into his hand. I almost retched when he smeared the slimy handful into my asscrack. The next minute I had to brace myself as Trigger's thick dick zoomed in for another assault. I gritted my teeth against his stabs.

"Having trouble, Trig?" Buckeye laughed. "Roy keeps telling us you're quite a stallion. You look more like a gelding right now."

Trigger's hands tightened around my neck. He gathered all his strength, then with a mighty roar rammed his cock violently into my ass.

Something inside me gave way, and Trigger charged up my ass tunnel like an express train. The air seemed to vibrate in time to the wild tingling in my ass. I swore not to make a sound, but my resolve weakened as Trigger plunged in and out of me. The pain faded, the ranch hands were cheering us on, and my rawhide-bound cock was twisting like a wild bronco.

CRACK! I jumped as a rifle blast pierced the air. Goddamn, when Trigger shot, he really shot! Then I came down to earth and realized that Trigger had leapt away, leaving me strangely empty and vulnerable. The other cowboys had stopped shouting and were backed against the wall. Their faces were ashen as they gazed past me to the bunkhouse door.

I felt a presence behind me. A man with a massive body, whose hot breath panted on my bare neck. A flashing blade slashed the cords on my wrists, and I sagged into a pair of powerful arms. Turning, I found myself pressed against a satiny black chest.

"Easy now," said Black Angus. Was I delirious, or did his lips brush softly across my cheek.

Over his shoulder I saw Uncle Ned stalk toward his ranch hands. He aimed the business end of a rifle at their groins. "Disobey my orders, will you?" he thundered. "Raise a ruckus in the middle of the night? You boys got a lesson comin,' and I'm the man to teach it to you!"

"Let's go," Angus told me. "Ned'll be busy for hours."

Halfway to the house I stumbled, my legs numb from the binding cords. Angus swept me up into his arms and carried me effortlessly. By the time he set me down in the ranch house I was grateful for the darkness. What would he think if he saw my hard cock?

"You must have had quite a scare," said Angus. "I guess you don't want to be alone after that."

In the blackness I couldn't read his expression. Maybe I was making a terrible mistake, but I decided to go for it. "You're right," I said. "I could use some company."

I knew I had made the right decision when I felt his hands cup my chin and his lips press against mine. The kiss seemed to go on forever.

"Trigger's an ass," said Angus when our lips broke apart. "It doesn't have to be like that. Let me show you."

Sure, I was scared. Not just of pain, but of what I would be giving up. I think I was nervous until I lay facedown on Angus's crisp white sheets and felt his long hard dick glide smoothly into my body. He didn't have to poke or prod to jam it up there. It seemed to belong. My last doubts vanished with the first hot gush of Black Angus's cream. Whatever happened, this was a feeling I would remember for the rest of my life.

"Come home with me," I whispered, when I lay in his arms afterwards. "You'd be a sensation in Los Angeles. You'll have the darkest tan on the beach!"

Angus laughed. "Well, I don't know. Maybe I shouldn't leave your Uncle Ned."

I got a little pissed at that. "Why not? What are you, his slave?"

Angus laughed harder. "You guessed it. But I reckon the other boys can take up the slack."

"Uh oh. I just thought of something. What's Dad gonna say when he sees you?"

"No problem. Your Dad's cool."

"You know my Dad?"

"Sure," said Angus. "He's been comin up here for weekends—oh, five or six years now."

Somehow I wasn't surprised. I hugged Angus close. I wouldn't have to give up anything. Instead, I was gaining a whole new world.■

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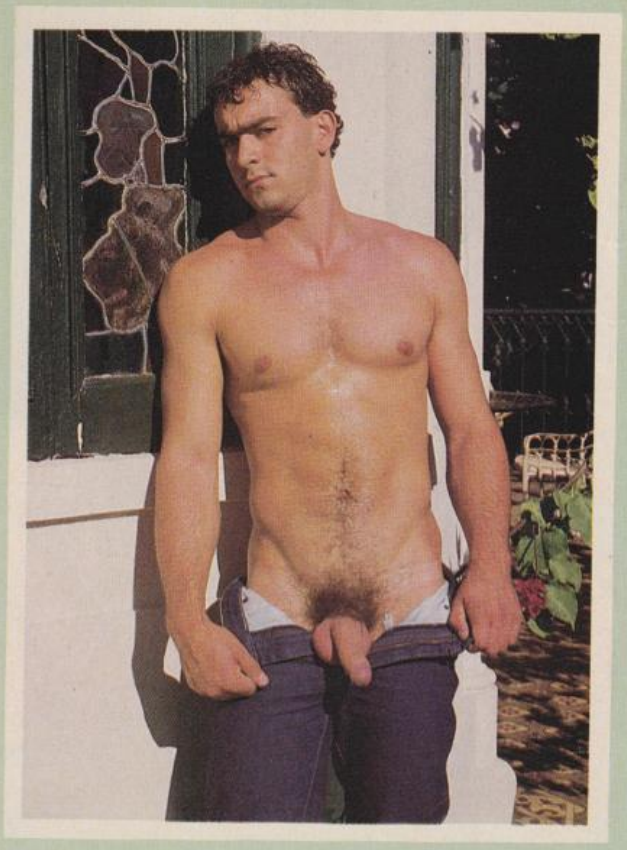

"GOSH, IT'S PRETTY OUT! I THINK I'LL JUST LEAVE IT OUT ALL DAY! WHY NOT? AND WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOURS OUT, TOO?"

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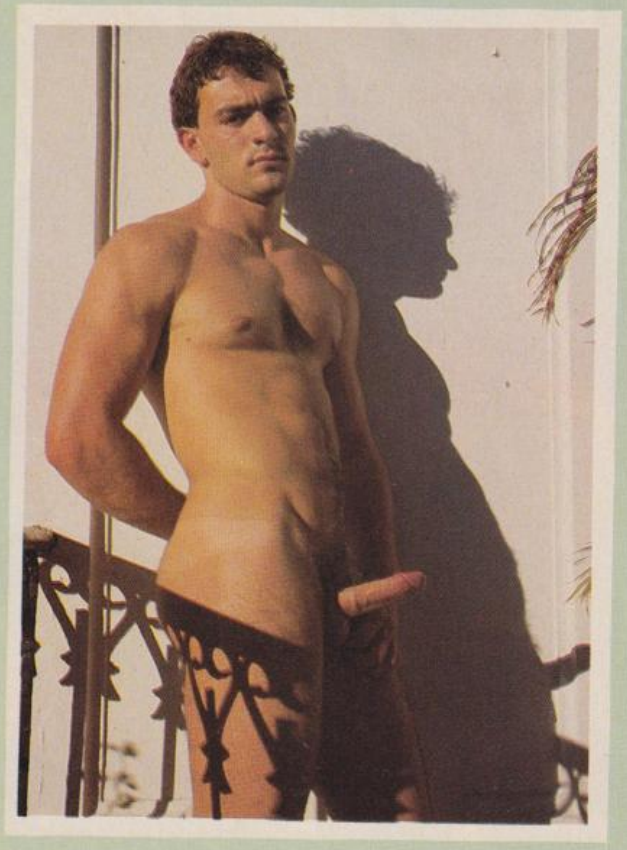

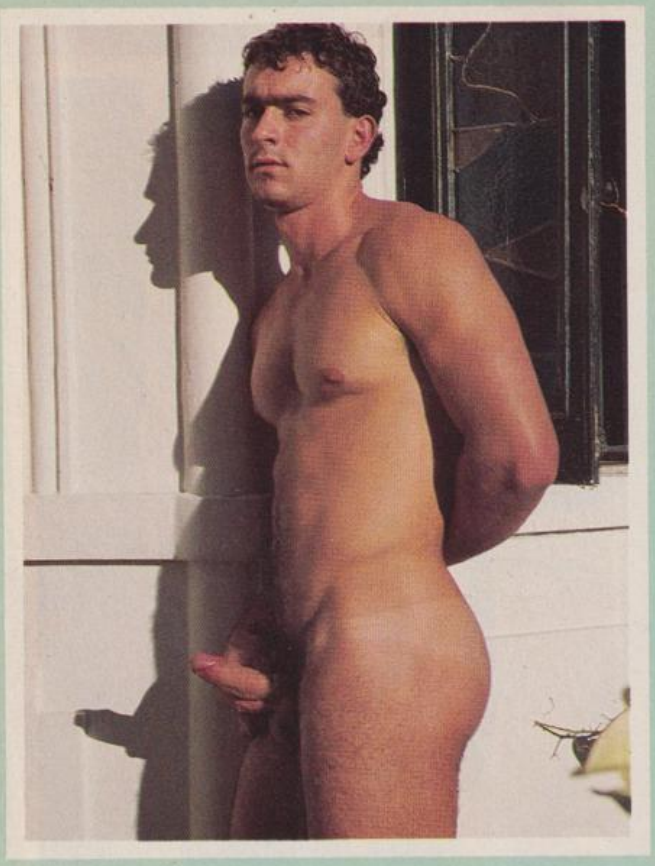

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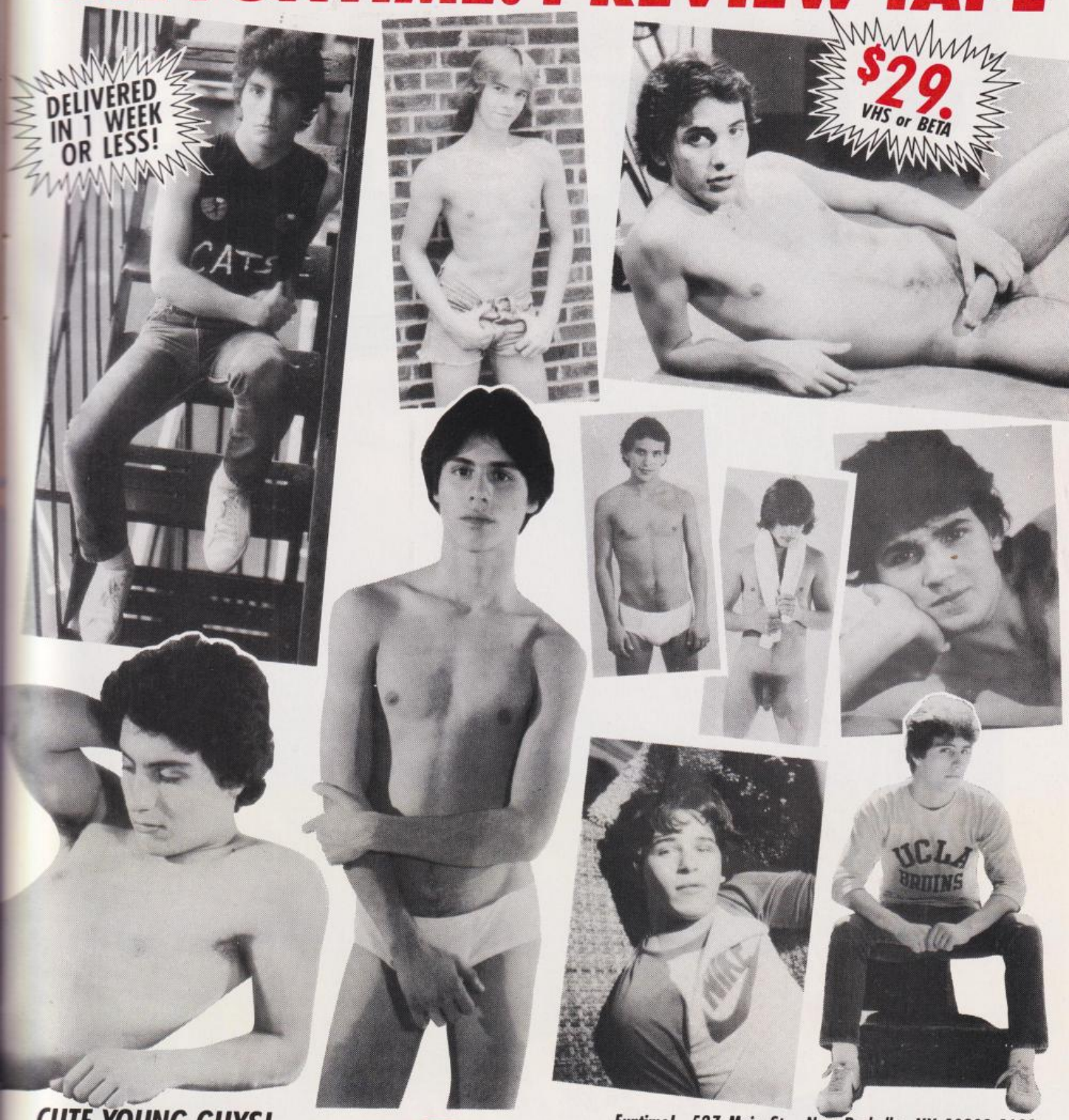

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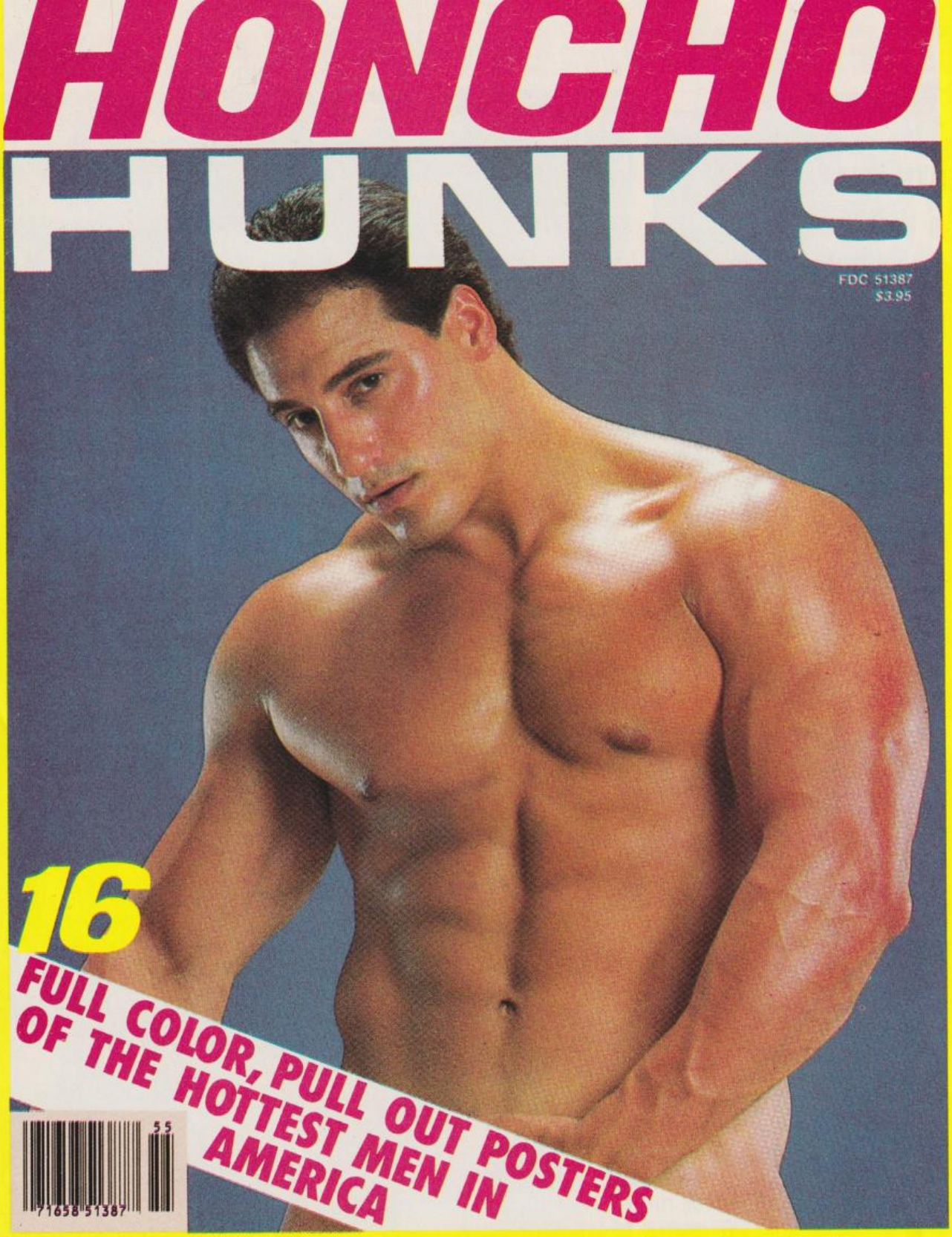

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